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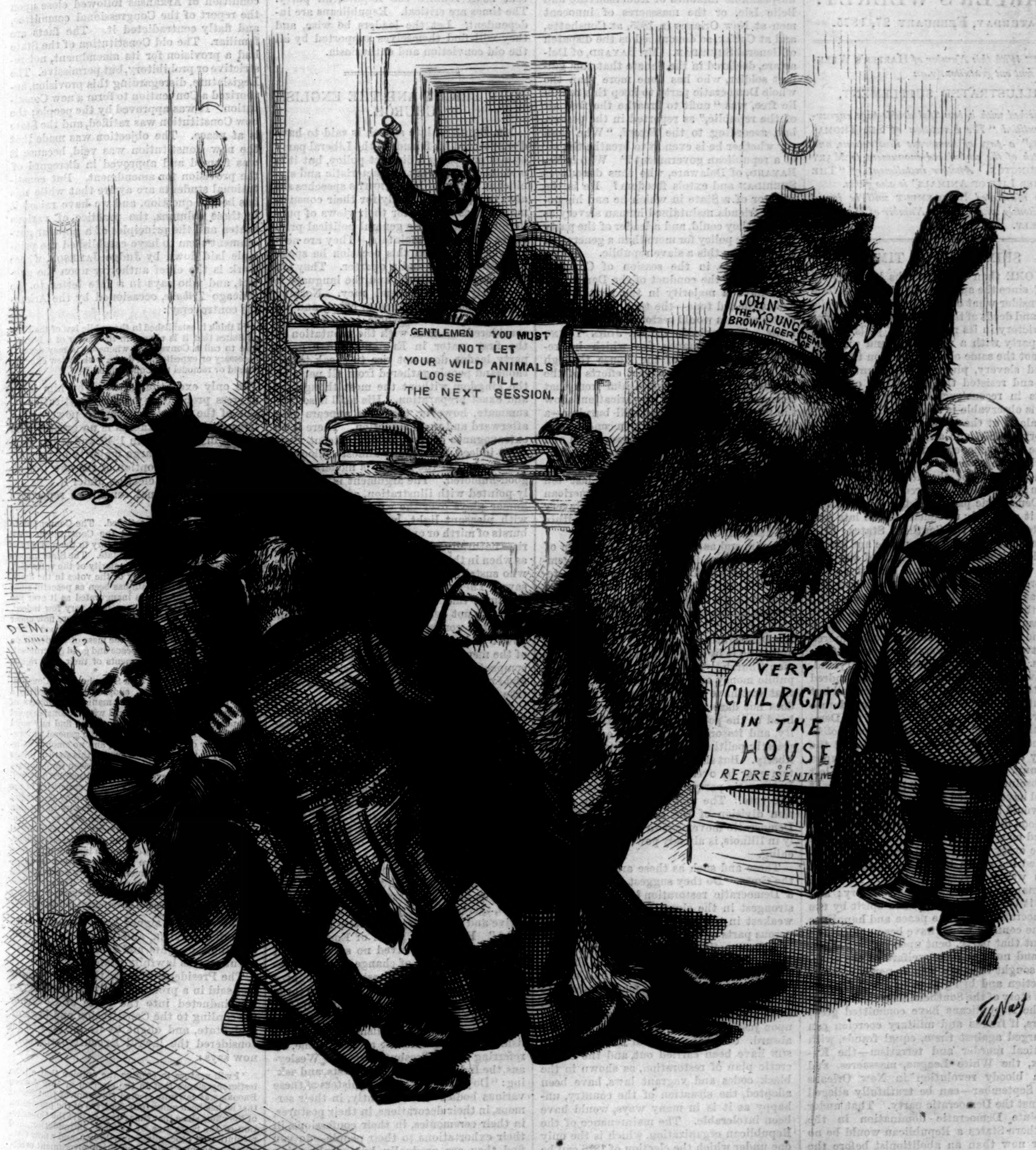
GENTLEMEN YOU MUST NOT LET YOUR WILD ANIMALS LOOSE TILL THE NEXT SESSION.
JOHN THE YOUNG BROWNTIGER
DEM. OF KY.
DEM.
VERY CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Th. Nast

THE TROUBLE HAS COMMENCED—A TALE OF ANXIETY.—[See Page 182.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 27, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

More than three months have passed since the autumn elections. It is time to consider what evidence there is from the acts and deeds of the Democratic party since the victory in its name at the polls that it is a party with a new spirit and purpose, and not the same old organization that sustained slavery, plunged the country into war, and resisted the guarantees of equal rights in reconstruction. The first thing that is observable is the fact of a very general alarm at the prospect of a Democratic victory in 1876, and an alarm which is not in the least relieved, but greatly increased, by what are seen to be mistakes of policy upon the part of the Republicans. The alarm springs from the perception that while the Democratic party insists upon conciliation, it aims only to conciliate the late disaffected class in the Southern States; that while it preaches the golden rule and brotherly love, it sees the negro hunted and harried without protest; and that it chiefly honors those who were known during the war as Copperheads or Confederates. The fact that they may be its ablest men is not re-assuring in view of other facts.

The Democrats have returned one hundred and twelve ex-Confederate soldiers to Congress. The Southern States, with Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky, elect one hundred and thirty-eight members. Of these all but twenty-six are from the late Confederate army. This fact alone disposes of the Democratic assertion that the Republican policy is one of hatred and revenge, and that the party rejects conciliation and insists upon tyranny. When the war ended it was left in absolute control of the government. It could have dictated any terms, and the country would have acquiesced. But not a drop of blood did it shed in vengeance. It established no system of confiscation. It merely made every man free and a citizen, and embodied his rights in the fundamental law. This was not very iniquitous. It was a magnanimity unparalleled in history; and had it been met in the same spirit by the Democratic party, the peace and happiness of the country would have been assured.

But that party, bent upon its own interest and not upon the welfare of the country, sought in every way to perplex reconstruction and bring it to naught. The recent story of the Southern States is familiar. If the Republicans have committed great errors, if frauds and military coercion can be urged against them, equal frauds, with political murder and terrorism—the Ku-Klux, the White League, massacres, and open bloody revolution in New Orleans last September—can be truthfully alleged against the Democratic party. That under absolute Democratic domination in the Southern States a Republican would be no safer now than an abolitionist before the war is asserted in a private letter printed in the New York *Times*, and in the state of Southern society such as a late number of the *Nation* described, nothing is more probable. Meanwhile, in other parts of the country the Democratic party sends typical Copperheads, like Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, to the Senate, and supersedes Mr. Schurz, the apostle of the Democracy as it pretends to be, by a gentleman of whom nothing is known but that he was an uncompromising Confederate general. We do not recall such facts reproachfully. The more sincere were the convictions of these gentlemen, the less should they be intrusted with the control of the government.

Simultaneously events in Louisiana have elicited from the press and orators of the Democratic party a vituperation of the Administration, and especially of General Sheridan, the ferocious tone of which shows that it is the outburst of a long-pent hatred of that officer, who owes all his distinction to his illustrious service in the war. We have certainly not justified his "banditti" dispatch. But we have never doubted that it was the indignant outburst of an honest soldier plainly unfit for civil administration. But never by any Democratic newspaper or orator were the treachery of Davis and Lee and the wretched Twiggs, or the unspeakable infamies of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or the massacres of innocent men at New Orleans in 1865, at Coushatta, and at Colfax, so denounced as the dispatch of General Sheridan. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, declared in the Senate that this gallant soldier, who has done more than the whole Democratic party to keep this republic free, was "unfit to breathe the free air of the republic," as reported in the papers, but, according to the *Record*, "Who shall say whether he is even fit to breathe the air of a republican government?" Who is Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, who thus denounces Sheridan and extols freedom? He is the Senator of a State in which he and his political friends maintained human slavery as long as they could, and a leader of the party whose sole policy for more than a generation was to make this a slave republic.

Meanwhile, in the session of Congress now closing, the conduct of the Democrats, who have a majority in the next House, shows the old tone—the tone which Democratic success would restore to the government. The episode of Mr. John Young Brown's performance, for which he received the censure of the House through the Speaker, and the earnest efforts of the Democratic party to shield him from that censure after his plain prevarication, show the fire of the old feeling still burning—a fire which is not likely to ripen concord and tranquillity should it by success extend and obtain the mastery. Where in all the orations and resolutions and leading articles of the Democratic party for the last ten years is found any word of hearty American satisfaction that the rebellion of slavery was defeated, and that every man within the national domain is free?

Again, and as another significant sign of the times, there is the conduct of the Democratic party in Illinois and Missouri in regard to the public schools. In the State of New York the Roman Catholic hostility to the public-school system has always depended upon that party. It has been always the Democratic policy to win the Irish vote, and to do it by grants and favors to the Roman Church. The Democratic gifts of the public money and property in this State to that sect have been enormous. The party does not dare to oppose the Roman priesthood to the point of incurring their hostility, and its organs revile the exposure of priestly politics as an attack upon religious liberty. But should the common-school system ever be overthrown, it will be by the Democratic party, as the price of the Catholic vote. The first measure is the sectarian division of the school fund, and the Democratic movement to this end, especially in Illinois, is already powerful and threatening.

These and such as these are the signs of the times. Do they suggest the wisdom of a Democratic restoration? That a party strongest in the slums of great cities and weakest in the most industrious and prosperous parts of the country is not more truly representative of American character and intelligence than its opponent is obvious. That the Democratic party of the Union is in any degree whatever more faithful to law, more respectful of the Constitution, more jealous of liberty, or more resolved upon justice than the Republican is simply absurd. Could the policy of Andrew Johnson have been carried out, and the Democratic plan of restoration, as shown in the black codes and vagrant laws, have been adopted, the situation of the country, unhappy as it is in many ways, would have been intolerable. The maintenance of the Republican organization, which is the only one under which the election of 1876 can be contested, is therefore indispensable.

No man who has been a supporter of the party during and since the war, however deeply he may regret what he thinks the serious errors that imperil its ascendency, can contemplate the possible success of the Democrats without profound uneasiness, and in the actual alternative that is offered he will not readily renounce the only political organization around which those who can defeat the Democracy may be rallied. On the other hand, the condition of that rally is plain to the dullest mind. The elections have shown that Republicans will not "go it blind," nor stick through thick and thin to whatever may be done in the name of the party. Nothing is more evident than that a dangerous minority of Republicans—very many more than those who hold the balance of power—would even think Democratic success a preferable evil to a Republican policy of desperation or of doubtful constitutionality inspired by political sharpers and toadies. The conciliation of firm adherence to declared principles, trust in the American doctrine of lawful local government, the statecraft which, like the sailor's skill, makes even a head-wind serve, strict regard for the indispensable conditions of free government, patience, tact, forbearance, are essential to a policy that shall reunite the Republican party. The times are critical. Republicans are independent. Let the leaders be wise, and they will find themselves supported by all the old conviction and enthusiasm.

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Mr. Bright's late speech is said to have disappointed his friends of the Liberal party by not proposing a distinct policy, but it is none the less a very characteristic and significant address. Mr. Bright's speeches are always well worth study for their consummate art, as well as for their views of public questions and the general political principles which they maintain. They are never very long; upon this occasion he spoke only for an hour and a quarter. They are very simple and direct, and the language is peculiarly idiomatic and racy. Nothing seems elaborate or suggests effort, and for the reason that the whole is so carefully considered. A man with the reputation of the first orator in England, and a great party leader, does not rise to speak to ten thousand people gathered from all parts of the kingdom without the most thoughtful and exact preparation. His skill is so consummate, however, that this appears only afterward and upon reflection. There is no extravagance of tone, no magnificent rhetoric; indeed, the tone is almost colloquial, and the key of the speech is moderate and good-humored. The argument is constantly pointed with illustration, and a lambent humor plays over the whole, irradiating it with pleasant light, but not exploding in bursts of mirth or extravagance. The strain rises naturally into a lofty and earnest tone, as when in this last speech, speaking of those who sustain the Religious Worship Bill, he says, "They may deal with the question of the light that comes from the candles, but they can not deal with the question of the light that comes from the eloquence and power and earnestness and godly sincerity of the men who preach to the people." The compactness, clearness, simplicity, feeling, and force of Mr. Bright's speeches show the true master.

The speech which he lately delivered at Birmingham was devoted chiefly to the question of the English Church establishment, which, he says, is far more important than that of free trade or the extension of the suffrage. He evidently considers it one of the most vital questions, but he distinctly says that it has not yet reached the point of party action. Every body must think about it, and the party to carry it will come "when it is wanted." His own opinion he expresses in the plainest way. "The state Church as we have it now is not and can not be in harmony with the age." "Wherever you find the Church of England powerful, there you find the opposition to legislative and administrative reform most powerful." From the Church of England "as a body we have received no service in all the great measures of change and improvement which have so blessed this country during the last half century." And he turns very neatly the argument of Sir William Harcourt and the Tories, who say that the maintenance of the English Church establishment is the bulwark against Rome, by referring to the Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, the Independents, the Baptists, and asking: "Do you find that the ministers of these various bodies are constantly, in their sermons, in their decorations, in their postures, in their ceremonies, in their confessions, in their exhortations to their people—do you find they are gradually but surely going over to Rome? No......It is only through the hierarchical and prelatical Church that there are converts to the Church of Rome." Mr. Bright ends his speech by saying, "I should say that it will be a great day for freedom in this country, and for Protestantism and Christianity, which shall witness the full enfranchisement of the Church within the realm of England."

Mr. Bright is a thorough Englishman, and he is not in the habit of talking in the air. Such a speech at this time shows that while he is not prepared to urge the Liberal party to raise the issue of disestablishment, he yet feels it to be the next question of real interest in English politics. It also shows that he sees no other point at which the party now in power can be hopefully attacked, and this fact, taken with the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the Liberal leadership, gives a vivid glimpse of the political situation in England. Mr. Bright thinks that the Tories are merely administering upon the Liberal estate. They are carrying out the general Liberal policy, and he is of opinion that they will do very well so long as they do not meddle with politics.

ARKANSAS.

The message of the President upon the condition of Arkansas followed close upon the report of the Congressional committee, and flatly contradicted it. The facts are familiar. The old Constitution of the State had a provision for its amendment, not restrictive or prohibitory, but permissive. The Legislature, disregarding this provision, authorized a Convention to form a new Constitution. It was approved by the people; the new Constitution was ratified, and the State is at peace. The objection was made that the new Constitution was void, because it was framed and approved in disregard of the provision for amendment. But constitutional students are aware that while this has been a question, and we have raised it in these columns, the practice of various States and the principles of a popular government seem to have established the principle laid down by Judge Jameson, whose work is the chief authority upon the subject, and who says in a late letter to the Chicago *Tribune*, occasioned by the Arkansas controversy:

> "I think it established in the public law of the United States that it is always in the power of a Legislature to call a Convention, whenever it may deem it necessary or expedient to do so, with a view either to amend or remodel the Constitution."

The only exception allowed by him is an express prohibition by the Constitution itself of the exercise of such a power. The irregularity in Arkansas is no greater than it was in New York in 1846, and it has been condoned by the large majority of the voters both in the adoption of the new Constitution and in the election under it.

The Congressional committee reports as follows:

> "The committee are satisfied. The Convention to frame the Constitution and the Constitution itself were voted for, and are satisfactory to the majority of the voters and people of the State. The State officers were certainly elected by a majority of the votes cast, and we think by a majority of the votes in the State. The condition of the State has been as peaceful since the new government was inaugurated as it ever has been. Acts of violence have been very few indeed. It is alleged that this is all because they are now under Congressional investigation and on their good behavior. The committee believe the mass of the people on both sides are inclined to peace and good government, and to allow all the enjoyments of their legal rights.
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> Here we have the case of a State having a Constitution republican in form, adopted and ratified by a large majority of its people, manned by officers of their choice, and going forward with reasonable quiet and peace. Your committee can not find any solid ground on which to stand to say the general government can or ought to interfere, and no amount of irregularity in the processes by which this state of things was brought about furnishes just reason for doing so. The committee believe that, upon principles now well established, all these defects and irregularities in the proceedings must be regarded as cured by the verdict of the people. The election held for its ratification was under the form of law, and the officers who conducted it acted under appointment and under official oaths, and although we regard all as defective, however, prescribed by the Convention instead of the Legislature, still we believe they are entitled to be regarded differently from mere voluntary meetings held under no pretense of legal authority. The committee do not recommend any action by Congress or by any department of the general government in Arkansas."

The report is signed by Messrs. Poland, Scudder, Sayler, and Sloss. Mr. Ward, of Illinois, dissents, and denies that the Constitution was lawfully changed.

The President, who on the 15th of May last said in a proclamation that Mr. Baxter was inducted into the office of Governor "according to the Constitution and laws of said State, and ought by its citizens to be considered the lawful Executive thereof," now says:

> "I will venture to express the opinion that all the testimony shows that in the election of 1872 Joseph Brooks was lawfully elected Governor of that State; that he has been unlawfully deprived of the possession of his office since that time; that in 1874 the Constitution of the State was by violence, intimidation, and revolutionary proceedings overthrown, and a new Constitution adopted, and a new State government established."

And he asks Congress to relieve the Executive by taking some action, implying that if it does not, he will. But there is no reason to suppose that the facts of the case are better known to the President than to Congress through its committee, which admits that Brooks was undoubtedly elected, and ought to have been declared Governor. The President, however, to whom the appeal was made, decided that he was not the Governor, and that Baxter was. Congress, the country, and the State of Arkansas acquiesced in that decision. A new Constitution has been adopted, and a new election held, the result of which is not disputed, and now the President proposes to recall his decision and re-open the whole question. The grounds of this action are contained in the documents that accompany the message, and if they are not clear and conclusive—which, in view of the committee's report, is hardly supposable—we trust that Congress will adopt the report and sustain its policy.

A DOUBTFUL LAW.

The report of the committee which has been investigating at New Orleans will be received with the greatest interest. Whatever its recommendations may be, it may be assumed that it will agree with both of the other reports in the statement that there have been enormous frauds upon both sides, and that the condition of the State is far from peaceful. There will, however, be a very general sense of disappointment if, because of this situation, the committee shall recommend further or continued interference of the national government. The new amendments to the Constitution undoubtedly intend that the new citizens shall be protected, just as the whole instrument intends that all citizens shall be. But it means, of course, that that protection shall be in harmony with the character and condition of our whole system of government. It certainly does not mean that the risks of freedom and of local rule shall not be taken. The new amendments do not change the national administration into a "paternal government," and certainly do not intend to destroy that manly self-dependence which is the characteristic of the race to which we belong, and to which we owe our political institutions.

The necessity of remembering this is shown by the political situation. The Republican policy of reconstruction was just and generous and humane. But inevitably it brought its own difficulties and dangers with it, and its vital condition of success is that it should be administered by intelligent and experienced statesmen, not by mere ignorant and heady partisans. Its peril from the beginning was that it could easily run into an extreme, as Jeffersonian local self-government had been pushed by the Democratic party into the preposterous folly of State sovereignty. It would constantly tend, unless wisely administered, to absorb the powers which it is indispensable to the common welfare should be left to the separate political communities of which the Union is composed. Its further peril arose from the fact that the extreme of central control is peculiarly repugnant to the political instinct of the country. The highest statesmanship was therefore demanded, because the moment that the Republican policy seemed to be drifting in the dangerous direction that we describe, the country would take the alarm, and the elections would show a willingness to correct the tendency by intrusting the government to the enemies of the new citizens and the friends of the other extreme, that of State sovereignty, from which the rebellion sprang.

There is a disposition which arises from a humane and generous impulse, but which is not wise, to expect the national power to do by force of arms what can be done only by moral processes and by time. Even when all citizens are made equal before the law, and equally accessible civil remedies are provided for the redress of wrongs, a great deal of injustice, disorder, and outrage will still remain; and the danger, but by no means the necessity, of the Republican policy is that these last will be taken as proofs that still more stringent measures must be provided, which may be pressed from point to point, until the country rises in reaction and overthrows the party whose just and beneficent ends will thus have been defeated by a want of that tact which is the highest genius of practical statesmanship. It is probable that a great deal of the interference in the Southern States under the auspices of advisers like Casey, Durell, Packard, and the United States marshals and authorities elsewhere, has been due to a desire to help and to "save" the Republican party. But the narrowest and most selfish partisans are always the worst advisers in the party interest. A great party is maintained in popularity and power not by the miserable tricks and shifts of mousing politicians, but by its reliance on the justice, intelligence, and good sense of the people at large. If the Republican Congress had had the courage to adopt the report of the Senate Louisiana committee two years ago, and had absolutely refused to recognize the result of a fraud which totally vitiated the election, two things would have followed—the Republican party would have been spared the disaster of sustaining what a Republican committee would not justify, and the people of Louisiana would have been taught the first lesson of a free popular system, self-dependence. Would the Republican party have been more or less strong if Congress had dealt more courageously with the Southern situation, and scorned to be drawn into the recognition of a fraud?

As we write, the Congressional joint caucus committee has agreed upon the new bill, virtually re-enacting the most stringent section of the Enforcement Act of 1871. This section gives almost unlimited power to the President to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, making him the judge when the constituted authorities in any State are in league with armed combinations to defy or overthrow the State or national law. It is an immense and extraordinary power. It is a power, indeed, which in an emergency any loyal President would assume, as Lincoln did, and appeal to Congress and the country for his justification. But such a bill contemplates permanent rebellion, with this essential difference, that it suffers the privilege of the writ to be suspended without any overt act. It requires only that the President should believe that there are unlawful armed organizations so "powerful as to be able" violently to defy or overthrow the authorities, and that he should think their legal conviction to be "impracticable"—very vague, loose terms—and he could then proclaim a rebellion and suspend the privilege of the writ. It is certainly a very serious proposition. The reason for such a law must be that some State or States are in rebellion. Which are they? There is plenty of ugly feeling and there are breaches of the peace, and in Louisiana there is the White League, another form of the Ku-Klux, and the negro is politically persecuted. But is this the best remedy for those evils? Under all the circumstances, is this the wisest plan? Is it not a confession that the Republican policy can be carried out and the citizenship of the negro maintained only at the cost of the traditional securities of freedom, and of an appalling increase of the executive power? For it will hardly be denied that such a law authorizes the United States to take possession of a State, sets aside the State authorities, and administers the government at the Executive pleasure. This is certainly the reverse of State sovereignty, but is it not absolute centralization? Let the Republicans who wish to protect the negro consider whether they should like to have a Democratic Administration clothed with this power.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A very serious question was debated at a late meeting of the Board of Education in New York—that of teaching German in the public schools. It is a question in which many most excellent citizens are interested, and upon which they naturally have a strong feeling. Mr. Klamroth, indeed, one of the Commissioners, said that he knew a German never means to give up his language, and if he could not hear his children speak to him in his own tongue, he should not feel that they were his offspring. He thought that if the German language were not taught in the public schools, the German citizens would withdraw their children. But does Mr. Klamroth think that his children's children many generations hence will have the same feeling about the German language, or does he think it desirable that they should have? In his answer to that question lies the reply to his argument. He can not suppose that the feeling of his descendants will be what his is, because they will be American, as he is German, and nothing could be more unhappy for America than the kind of divided allegiance which his remark implies. It is natural in him and in all who are adults, but it would be a great mistake to perpetuate it.

American public schools are designed to make the pupils loyal and patriotic Americans, not Germans, nor Irishmen, nor Frenchmen. They presuppose that all citizens who were born in other countries and have become Americans have renounced other lands as their home, and look forward to see their descendants Americans also. They have not, indeed, renounced their love of their fatherland and its literature and fond personal association, and in their own homes those who have come to this country at a mature age will naturally teach their children the language which is so familiar and so precious to them. But when they go out of their homes, when they take part in public affairs, when they support public institutions, they are Germans or Irish no longer; they are Americans; their conduct must be regulated by American views, and the American spirit should be promoted in every way. With the rest of us, they are bound to do what they can to unite and weld together the whole people.

The very circumstance of the large proportion of foreign-born citizens is the reason that every American by birth or adoption should do what he can to abolish all differences of race and tradition, and nothing does this more effectually than instruction in a common language. If a government wishes, for any reason, to maintain differences among its people of various nativity, to foster jealousy and suspicion, and prevent the growth of the homogeneity which is indispensable to national greatness, it will allow the different native languages to be taught in the schools, and so cherish so long as it can the hostilities of different nationalities.

Language and religious faith are the two powerful instruments of division in a population of various origin. It is their Church which prevents the Irish from being absorbed in the mass of Americans, and every intelligent German knows how very far that sectarian segregation of the Irish has been from an advantage to them or to the country. Yet to insist upon teaching the German language in the public schools would necessarily lead to the same kind of mischief.

When the German parent chooses America for his home and for that of his children, he chooses every thing which is essential to his identification with the life and destiny of the new land. If he does not, he is only a visitor. His heart and hope and faith are elsewhere, and he has no right to ask to have a voice in the government of the country. If he may insist that his language must be taught at the public expense, so may the native of every other country who has become an American citizen. And if foreign languages are to be taught in the public schools, there are very many of the most intelligent people in the country who will, for various reasons, prefer the Latin and the French to the German. There will be others, again, who will insist that it would be far more useful for American children to learn drawing, as in the Boston schools, than German, as in those of Milwaukee and Louisville. It is possible that under certain circumstances it may be wise to employ teachers who know German, but only to bring the young German children into instruction in English as soon as practicable. The ruling principle should be, and for the very reason that there are so many children of foreign extraction, the English language the sole language of the public schools.

PERSONAL.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone has written a complimentary letter, dated "Hawarden Castle, Chester, January 22, 1875," to the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of New York, thanking him for the handsome Harper edition of his famous pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, and the "very valuable additions" to the same. In the same letter he says that his mind and time have been so absorbed by "inquiries, correspondence, and further proceedings in the matter of the Vatican Decrees as to be unable to keep pace with the packs of letters received. I have once or twice made this known in the English newspapers, and it would be a kindness if any one would secure the insertion of a similar intimation on your side of the water, by way of apology to unanswered correspondents."

—The saying of the late Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, that Dr. De Koven was "a born bishop," finds its practical fulfillment in his becoming Bishop W.'s successor. Although among the most advanced of High-Churchmen, Dr. De Koven enjoys in a large degree the respect of those from whom he differs. There may of course be some trouble in obtaining the canonical consent of a majority of the bishops and standing committees of the different dioceses to his consecration, but the purity of his personal character, his remarkable abilities as a preacher, added to superior administrative capacity, will probably secure for him the desiderated number. He is certainly one of the very foremost figures in the Episcopal Church in the United States.

—Mr. Frederick W. Seward, who was for some time associated with Mr. Weed in the editorship and ownership of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and who has assumed a prominent position in the present State Legislature, is understood to be engaged upon a life of his father, as well as in assisting Mr. Weed with his autobiography.

—It is supposed that the Agassiz Museum will soon be in possession of $200,000 in subscriptions, thus making it possible to draw the $50,000 appropriated by Massachusetts. With this $250,000 new halls are to be built, new facilities for instruction are to be provided, and the classification and arrangement of the museum are to be carried forward much further than they were at Agassiz's death.

—It is not generally known, though nevertheless a fact, that one of the pall-bearers of Shakspeare is buried in the old burying-ground of Fredericksburg, Virginia. On a tombstone is the following inscription:

> "Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in physic and chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers to the body of William Shakspeare. After a brief illness his spirit ascended, in the year of our Lord 1618, aged seventy-six."

—Colonel Forney has been taken to the French Assembly at Versailles by M. Louis Blanc, one of the notable men of that body. M. Blanc is about the size of the late Stephen A. Douglas, about fifty-five years old, has very black hair, young and pleasing countenance, talks excellent English, and is very affable in manner. He was an ardent supporter of the Union during the unpleasantness.

—Mr. Hayward, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, in which has appeared his scarifying article on the *Greville Memoirs*, is one of the clever men of England, a great whist-player, a caustic and brilliant talker, and decidedly "somebody" in London. Himself of very humble beginnings, he is yet an "indispensable" in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia. He holds his own by virtue of his talents, and in spite of the disagreeable manners of which he is said to be the possessor.

—Mr. William Pembroke Fetridge, editor of *Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East*, recently gave a grand dinner in Paris in honor of Colonel Hoffman, the new United States secretary of legation at London. Minister Washburne and many nobby people were present.

—Alvan Clark, the noted telescope maker of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has won sufficient fame abroad to have received from the Austrian government an order for a large telescope. The James Lick trustees, of San Francisco, are corresponding with Mr. Clark about a grand instrument for the California Observatory.

—At the present moment there are four so-called Queens of Spain out of the business—Christine, widow of Ferdinand VII., who resides near Havre; Isabella II., mother of the new king; the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amadeus, and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles himself Charles VII.

—Among the many benefactions of the late William H. Aspinwall, the following may be mentioned: A year or two ago he wrote to the American Bible Society, inclosing $10,000, saying that he had in his will bequeathed that amount to the society, but he preferred to anticipate its payment, that the society might at once come into its use.

—A recent issue of the Nashua (New Hampshire) *Telegraph* gives the particulars of the alleged murder in Louisiana of two graduates of Dartmouth College. These two young men, it seems, were college-mates—one, A. B. Long, talented, strong-hearted, resolute, graduated in 1858; the other, Frank Perkins, was still in college when the rebellion broke out, and at the first call for troops enlisted in the Twentieth Regiment to fight for his country. He was the first soldier Dartmouth sent to the war. When the war closed, Long, having read law and been admitted to the bar, was in New Orleans, and for a time his friends at the North heard of him as justifying all the bright promise of his college days. Afterward he was appointed to a judicial position in the city. Still later came the news that he had committed suicide by cutting his throat in his own office. This report reached his old friend Perkins, who, by his ability and integrity, had come to be the agent of a line of steam-ships running between St. Louis and New Orleans, and he went to New Orleans to investigate the affair. There he learned that Long, instead of committing suicide, had been murdered by a band of White Leaguers, to whom he had given offense by some of his judicial decisions, that no attempt had been made to discover his murderers, and that the whole White League exulted over the fate of the noted radical. Perkins at once published a card offering $5000 for the arrest and conviction of the persons who had committed the crime; but within less than a week he was himself pursued, shot down, and his body flung into the street. Such is the story told by the New Hampshire paper of the fate of the two Dartmouth graduates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The President, on the 8th inst., sent a message to Congress with reference to the Arkansas difficulty, taking the ground that Brooks was lawfully elected Governor in 1872, and that the new Constitution adopted in 1874, and the government established thereunder, are illegal. The President asks for definite action by Congress "to relieve the Executive from acting upon the questions which should be decided by the legislative branch of the government."—The President has signed the "Little Tariff Bill."—The Senate, on the 8th, confirmed the nomination of John L. Routt, of Illinois, for Governor of Colorado.—The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed by the House, on the 9th, with the Choctaw claims stricken out.—The House, on the 9th, refused to consider the resolutions reported by the Committee on Elections excluding Delegate Cannon, of Utah.—The new tax bill for the increase of revenues was reported to the House by the Committee of Ways and Means on the 10th. It proposes to tax all distilled spirits on which the existing tax shall not be paid at the date of the passage of the bill $1 per gallon, whether in distilleries or bonded warehouses or not, and an additional tax of fifteen cents a gallon on all spirits in warehouses, etc., on which the existing tax shall be paid between now and the passage of this act. The tax on imported liquors is to be $2 50 a gallon. The tax on tobacco is to be increased from twenty to twenty-four cents a pound. The ten per cent. horizontal reduction on manufactured goods is to be repealed, and the stamp tax on lucifer-matches to be abolished.—The Post-office Appropriation Bill, amounting to $37,524,361, was reported in the House on the 10th. An amendment was unanimously adopted repealing the law of 1872 for additional mail steamship service to China and Japan, and annulling the contract under it.—The Portland, Dallas, and Salt Lake Railroad and Telegraph Bill was rejected by the Senate on the 12th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Bishop of Strasburg having issued a charge to his clergy in which he alleges that the Church is persecuted, the German authorities have seized the copies and forbidden the promulgation of the document.

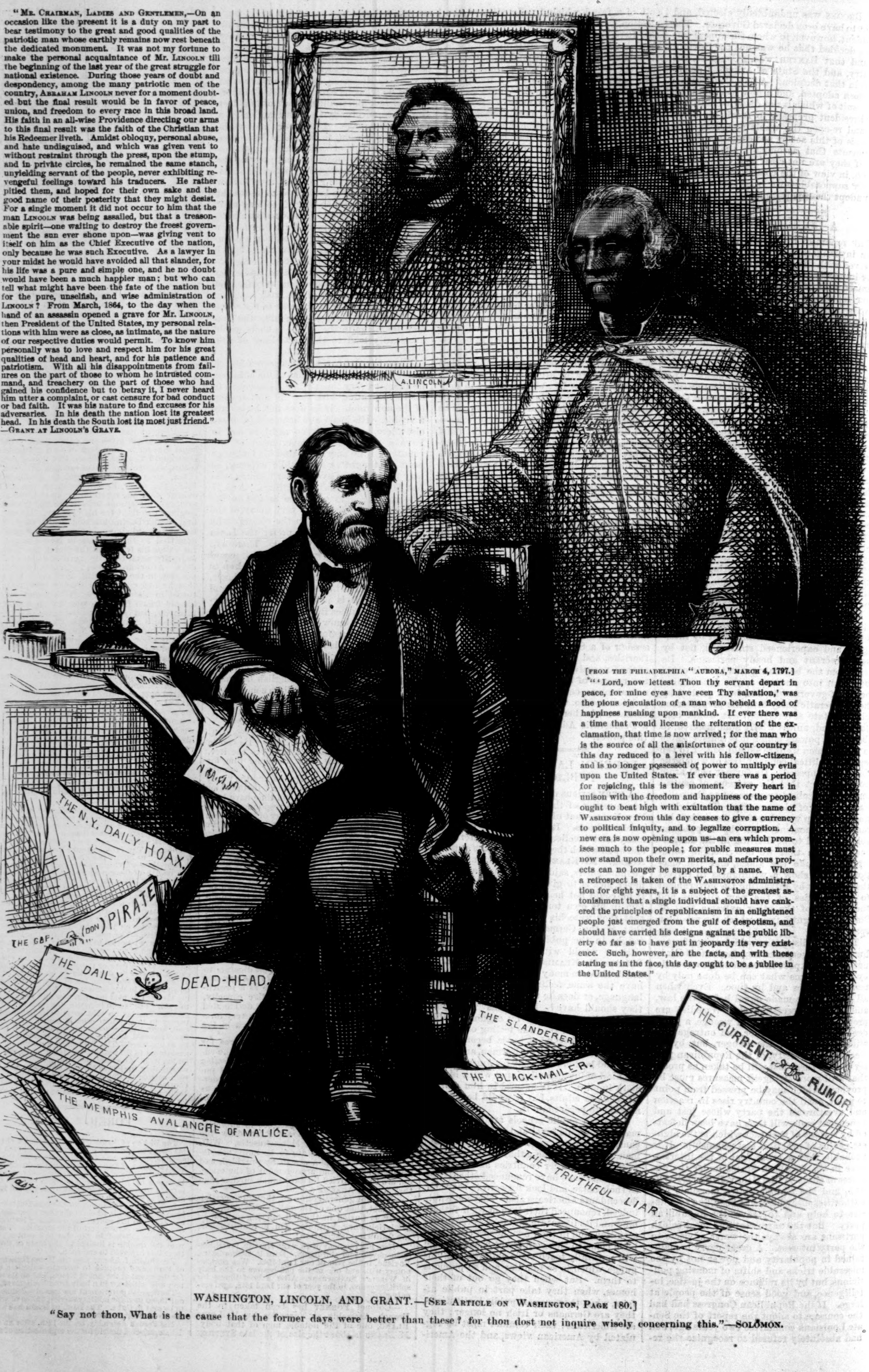
A Berlin dispatch to the London *Times* says Prince Bismarck has given no intimation to any one that he intends to resign, and he is likely to remain in office as long as his health permits.

In Venezuela the insurgent General Ducharme has been killed, and his whole staff taken prisoners. General Quevedo has routed the remaining insurgents at Guiria, in the eastern part of the republic. Peace has been re-established in the east and centre. In the west the trouble is limited to the State of Coro, and there it is expected to end soon.

The Dublin *Irishman* says the Home Rule members of Parliament propose to formally submit a demand for the repeal of the Act of Union, and on its rejection they will withdraw in a body from Parliament.

The Spanish government has issued a decree, calling out 70,000 men for military service, 15,000 of whom are to be sent to Cuba. The Bank of Spain has advanced the government 100,000,000 reals.

The French Assembly, on the 12th, after an exciting debate, rejected the bill for the organization of a Senate,



"MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—On an occasion like the present it is a duty on my part to bear testimony to the great and good qualities of the patriotic man whose earthly remains now rest beneath the dedicated monument. It was not my fortune to make the personal acquaintance of MR. LINCOLN till the beginning of the last year of the great struggle for national existence. During those years of doubt and despondency, among the many patriotic men of the country, ABRAHAM LINCOLN never for a moment doubted but the final result would be in favor of peace, union, and freedom to every race in this broad land. His faith in an all-wise Providence directing our arms to this final result was the faith of the Christian that his Redeemer liveth. Amidst obloquy, personal abuse, and hate undisguised, and which was given vent to without restraint through the press, upon the stump, and in private circles, he remained the same stanch, unyielding servant of the people, never exhibiting revengeful feelings toward his traducers. He rather pitied them, and hoped for their own sake and the good name of their posterity that they might desist. For a single moment it did not occur to him that the man LINCOLN was being assailed, but that a treasonable spirit—one waiting to destroy the freest government the sun ever shone upon—was giving vent to itself on him as the Chief Executive of the nation, only because he was such Executive. As a lawyer in your midst he would have avoided all that slander, for his life was a pure and simple one, and he no doubt would have been a much happier man; but who can tell what might have been the fate of the nation but for the pure, unselfish, and wise administration of LINCOLN? From March, 1864, to the day when the hand of an assassin opened a grave for Mr. LINCOLN, then President of the United States, my personal relations with him were as close, as intimate, as the nature of our respective duties would permit. To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of head and heart, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he intrusted command, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, or cast censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest head. In his death the South lost its most just friend."
—GRANT AT LINCOLN'S GRAVE.

[FROM THE PHILADELPHIA "AURORA," MARCH 4, 1797.]

"'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,' was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of WASHINGTON from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the WASHINGTON administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AND GRANT.—[SEE ARTICLE ON WASHINGTON, PAGE 180.]

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—SOLOMON.

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

NEMESIS AT LAST!

"MY harp!" he cried. "Music will rouse me."

Ariel brought him his harp.

"Master!" she said, wonderingly. "What's come to you?"

He waved his hand, commanding her to be silent.

"Ode to Invention," he announced, loftily, addressing himself to me. "Poetry and music improvised by Dexter. Silence! Attention!"

His fingers wandered feebly over the harp-strings, awakening no melody, suggesting no words. In a little while his hand dropped, his head sank forward gently and rested on the frame of the harp. I started to my feet and approached him. Was it a sleep? or was it a swoon?

I touched his arm, and called to him by his name.

Ariel instantly stepped between us, with a threatening look at me. At the same moment Miserrimus Dexter raised his head. My voice had reached him. He looked at me with a curious contemplative quietness in his eyes, which I had never seen in them before.

"Take away the harp," he said to Ariel, speaking in languid tones, like a man who was very weary.

The mischievous half-witted creature—in sheer stupidity or in downright malice, I am not sure which—irritated him once more.

"Why, Master?" she asked, staring at him with the harp hugged in her arms. "What's come to you? where is the story?"

"We don't want the story," I interposed. "I have many things to say to Mr. Dexter which I have not said yet."

Ariel lifted her heavy hand. "You *will* have it!" she said, and advanced toward me. At the same moment the Master's voice stopped her.

"Put away the harp, you fool!" he repeated, sternly. "And wait for the story until I choose to tell it."

She took the harp submissively back to its place at the end of the room. Miserrimus Dexter moved his chair a little closer to mine. "I know what will rouse me," he said, confidentially. "Exercise will do it. I have had no exercise lately. Wait a little and you will see."

He put his hands on the machinery of the chair, and started on his customary course down the room. Here again the ominous change in him showed itself under a new form. The pace at which he traveled was not the furious pace that I remembered; the chair no longer rushed under him on rumbling and whistling wheels. It went, but it went slowly. Up the room and down the room he painfully urged it—and then he stopped for want of breath.

We followed him. Ariel was first, and Benjamin was by my side. He motioned impatiently to both of them to stand back, and to let me approach him alone.

"I'm out of practice," he said, faintly. "I hadn't the heart to make the wheels roar and the floor tremble while you were away."

Who would not have pitied him? Who would have remembered his misdeeds at that moment? Even Ariel felt it. I heard her beginning to whine and whimper behind me. The magician who alone could rouse the dormant sensibilities in her nature had awakened them now by his neglect. Her fatal cry was heard again, in mournful moaning tones:

"What's come to you, Master? Where's the story?"

"Never mind her," I whispered to him. "You want the fresh air. Send for the gardener. Let us take a drive in your pony-chaise."

It was useless. Ariel would be noticed. The mournful cry came once more.

"Where's the story? where's the story?"

The sinking spirit leaped up in Dexter again.

"You wretch! you fiend!" he cried, whirling his chair round and facing her. "The story is coming. I *can* tell it! I *will* tell it! Wine! You whimpering idiot, get me the wine. Why didn't I think of it before? The kingly Burgundy! that's what I want, Valeria, to set my invention alight and flaming in my head. Glasses for every body! Honor to the King of the Vintages—the Royal Clos Vougeot!"

Ariel opened the cupboard in the alcove, and produced the wine and the high Venetian glasses. Dexter drained his goblet full of Burgundy at a draught; he forced us to drink (or at least to pretend to drink) with him. Even Ariel had her share, this time, and emptied her glass in rivalry with her master. The powerful wine mounted almost instantly to her weak head. She began to sing hoarsely a song of her own devising, in imitation of Dexter. It was nothing but the repetition, the endless mechanical repetition, of her demand for the story. "Tell us the story. Master! Master! tell us the story!" Absorbed over his wine, the Master silently filled his goblet for the second time. Benjamin whispered to me, while his eye was off us, "Take my advice, Valeria, for once: let us go."

"One last effort," I whispered back. "Only one."

Ariel went drowsily on with her song. "Tell us the story. Master! Master! tell us the story."

Miserrimus Dexter looked up from his glass. The generous stimulant was beginning to do its work. I saw the color rising in his face. I saw the bright intelligence flashing again in his eyes. The Burgundy *had* roused him. The good wine stood my friend, and offered me a last chance.

"No story!" I said. "I want to talk to you, Mr. Dexter. I am not in the humor for a story."

"Not in the humor?" he repeated, with a gleam of the old impish irony showing itself again in his face. "That's an excuse. I see what it is! You think my invention is gone, and you are not frank enough to confess it. I'll show you you're wrong. I'll show you that Dexter is himself again. Silence, you Ariel, or you shall leave the room! I have got it, Mrs. Valeria, all laid out here, with scenes and characters complete." He touched his forehead, and looked at me with a furtive and smiling cunning, before he added his next words. "It's the very thing to interest you, my fair friend. It's the Story of a Mistress and a Maid. Come back to the fire and hear it."

The Story of a Mistress and a Maid? If that meant any thing, it meant the story of Mrs. Beauly and her maid, told in disguise.

The title and the look which had escaped him when he announced it revived the hope that was well-nigh dead in me. He had rallied at last. He was again in possession of his natural foresight and his natural cunning. Under pretense of telling Ariel her story, he was evidently about to make the attempt to mislead me for the second time. The conclusion was irresistible. To use his own words, Dexter was himself again.

I took Benjamin's arm as we followed him back to the fire-place in the middle of the room. "There is a chance for me yet," I whispered. "Don't forget the signals."

We returned to the places which we had already occupied. Ariel cast another threatening look at me. She had just sense enough left, after emptying her goblet of wine, to be on the watch for a new interruption on my part. I took care, of course, that nothing of the sort should happen. I was now as eager as Ariel to hear the story. The subject was full of snares for the narrator. At any moment, in the excitement of speaking, Dexter's memory of the true events might show itself reflected in the circumstances of the fiction. At any moment he might betray himself.

He looked round him, and began.

"My public, are you seated? My public, are you ready?" he asked, gayly. "Your face a little more this way," he added, in his softest and tenderest tones, motioning to me to turn my full face toward him. "Surely I am not asking too much? You look at the meanest creature that crawls—look at Me. Let me find my inspiration in your eyes. Let me feed my hungry admiration on your form. Come! have one little pitying smile left for the man whose happiness you have wrecked. Thank you. Light of my Life, thank you!" He kissed his hand to me, and threw himself back luxuriously in his chair. "The story," he resumed. "The story at last! In what form shall I cast it? In the dramatic form—the oldest way, the truest way, the shortest way, of telling a story! Title, first. A short title, a taking title: 'Mistress and Maid.' Scene, the land of romance—Italy. Time, the age of romance—the fifteenth century. Ha! look at Ariel. She knows no more about the fifteenth century than the cat in the kitchen, and yet she is interested already. Happy Ariel!"

Ariel looked at me again, in the double intoxication of the wine and the triumph.

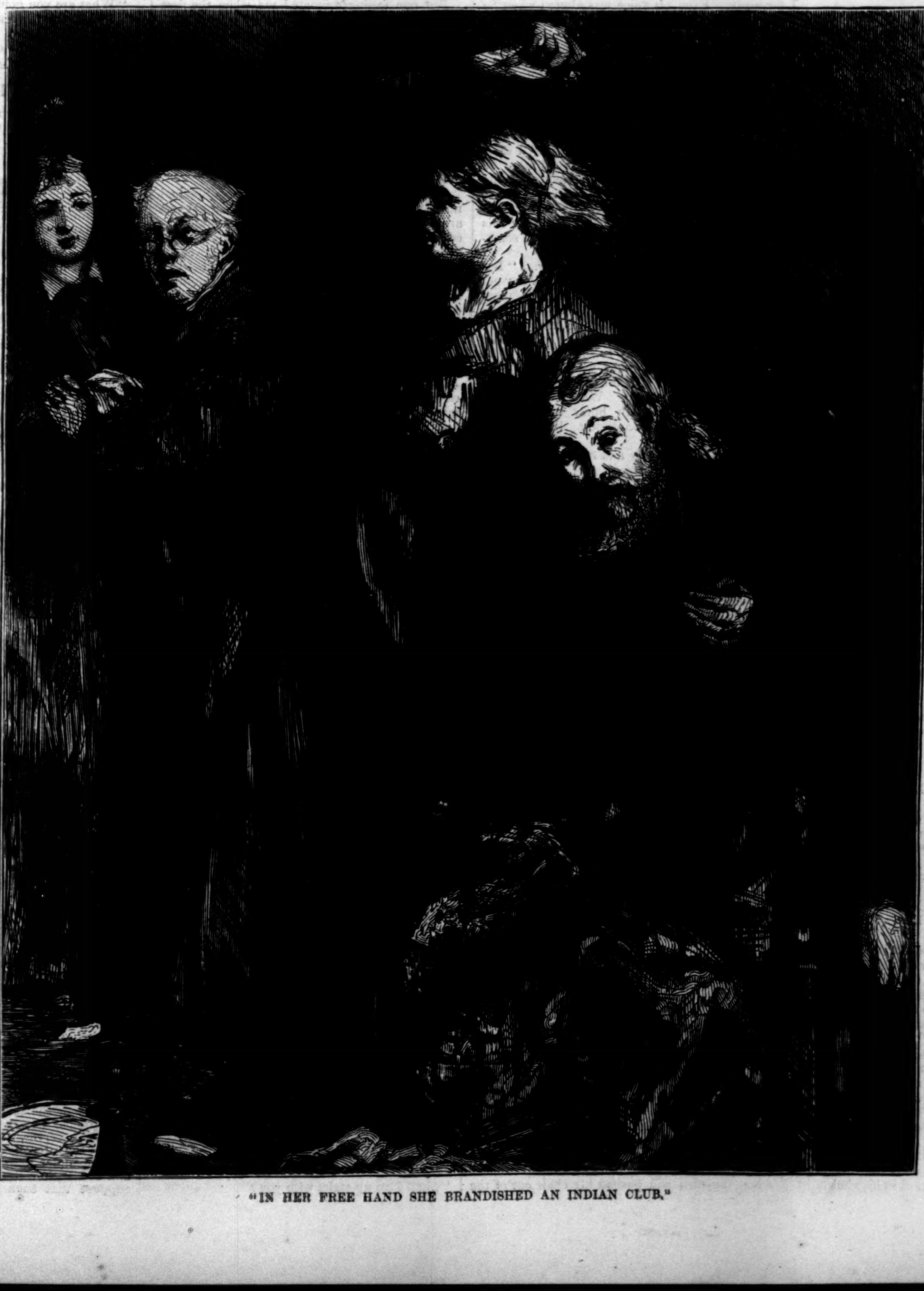
"I know no more than the cat in the kitchen," she repeated, with a broad grin of gratified vanity. "I am 'happy Ariel!' What are You?"

Miserrimus Dexter laughed uproariously.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "Isn't she fun? Persons of the Drama," he resumed: "Three in number. Women only. Angelica, a noble lady—noble alike in spirit and in birth. Cunegonda, a beautiful devil in woman's form. Damoride, her unfortunate maid. First scene. A dark vaulted chamber in a castle. Time, evening. The owls are hooting in the wood; the frogs are croaking in the marsh. Look at Ariel! Her flesh creeps; she shudders audibly. Admirable Ariel!"

My rival in the Master's favor eyed me defiantly. "Admirable Ariel!" she repeated, in drowsy accents. Miserrimus Dexter paused to take up his goblet of Burgundy—placed close at hand on a little sliding table attached to his chair. I watched him narrowly as he sipped the wine. The flush was still mounting in his face; the light was still brightening in his eyes. He set down his glass again, with a jovial smack of his lips, and went on.

"Persons present in the vaulted chamber: Cunegonda and Damoride. Cunegonda speaks. 'Damoride!' 'Madam?' 'Who lies ill in the chamber above us?' 'Madam, the noble lady, Angelica.' (A pause. Cunegonda speaks again.) 'Damoride!' 'Madam?' 'How does Angelica like you?' 'Madam, the noble lady, sweet and good to all who approach her, is sweet and good to me.' 'Have you attended on her, Damoride?' 'Sometimes, madam, when the nurse was weary.' 'Has she taken her healing medicine from your hand?' 'Once or twice, madam, when I happened to be by.' 'Damoride, take this key, and open the casket on the table there.' (Damoride obeys.) 'Do you see a green vial in the casket?' 'I see it, madam.' 'Take it out.' (Damoride obeys.) 'Do you see a liquid in the green vial? can you guess what it is?' 'No, madam.' 'Shall I tell you?' (Damoride bows respectfully.) 'Poison is in the vial.' (Damoride starts; she shrinks from the poison; she would fain put it aside. Her mistress signs to her to keep it in her hand; her mistress speaks.) 'Damoride, I have told you one of my secrets; shall I tell you another?' (Damoride waits, fearing what is to come. Her mistress speaks.) 'I hate the Lady Angelica. Her life stands between me and the joy of my heart. You hold her life in your hand.' (Damoride drops on her knees; she is a devout person; she crosses herself, and then she speaks.) 'Mistress, you terrify me. Mistress,



"IN HER FREE HAND SHE BRANDISHED AN INDIAN CLUB."

what do I hear?' (Cunegonda advances, stands over her, looks down on her with terrible eyes, whispers the next words.) 'Damoride! The Lady Angelica must die—and I must not be suspected. The Lady Angelica must die—and by your hand.'"

He paused again. To sip the wine once more? No; to drink a deep draught of it this time.

Was the stimulant beginning to fail him already?

I looked at him attentively as he laid himself back again in his chair to consider for a moment before he went on.

The flush on his face was as deep as ever, but the brightness in his eyes was beginning to fade already. I had noticed that he spoke more and more slowly as he advanced to the later dialogue of the scene. Was he feeling the effort of invention already? Had the time come when the wine had done all that the wine could do for him?

We waited. Ariel sat watching him, with vacantly staring eyes and vacantly open mouth. Benjamin, impenetrably expecting the signal, kept his open note-book on his knee, covered by his hand.

Miserrimus Dexter went on:

"Damoride hears those terrible words; Damoride clasps her hands in entreaty. 'Oh, madam! madam! how can I kill the dear and noble lady? What motive have I for harming her?' Cunegonda answers, 'You have the motive of obeying Me.' Damoride falls with her face on the floor, at her mistress's feet. 'Madam, I can not do it! madam, I dare not do it!' Cunegonda answers, 'You run no risk: I have my plan for diverting discovery from myself, and my plan for diverting discovery from you.' Damoride repeats, 'I can not do it! I dare not do it!' Cunegonda's eyes flash lightnings of rage. She takes from its place of concealment in her bosom—"

He stopped in the middle of the sentence, and put his hand to his head. Not like a man in pain, but like a man who had lost his idea.

Would it be well if I tried to help him to recover his idea? or would it be wiser (if I could only do it) to keep silence?

I could see the drift of his story plainly enough. His object, under the thin disguise of the Italian romance, was to meet my unanswerable objection to suspecting Mrs. Beauly's maid—the objection that the woman had no motive for committing herself to an act of murder. If he could practically contradict this, by discovering a motive which I should be obliged to admit, his end would be gained. Those inquiries which I had pledged myself to pursue—those inquiries which might at any moment take a turn that directly concerned him—would, in that case, be successfully diverted from the right to the wrong person. The innocent maid would set my strictest scrutiny at defiance, and Dexter would be safely shielded behind her.

I determined to give him time. Not a word passed my lips.

The minutes followed each other. I waited in the deepest anxiety. It was a trying and a critical moment. If he succeeded in inventing a probable motive, and in shaping it neatly to suit the purpose of his story, he would prove, by that act alone, that there were reserves of mental power still left in him which the practiced eye of the Scotch doctor had failed to see. But the question was—would he do it?

He did it! Not in a new way; not in a convincing way; not without a painfully evident effort. Still, well done or ill done, he found a motive for the maid.

"Cunegonda," he resumed, "takes from its place of concealment in her bosom a written paper, and unfolds it. 'Look at this,' she says. Damoride looks at the paper, and sinks again at her mistress's feet in a paroxysm of horror and despair. Cunegonda is in possession of a shameful secret in the maid's past life. Cunegonda can say to her, 'Choose your alternative. Either submit to an exposure which disgraces you and disgraces your parents forever, or make up your mind to obey Me.' Damoride might submit to the disgrace if it only affected herself. But her parents are honest people; she can not disgrace her parents. She is driven to her last refuge—there is no hope of melting the hard heart of Cunegonda. Her only resource is to raise difficulties: she tries to show that there are obstacles between her and the crime. 'Madam! madam!' she cries, 'how can I do it, when the nurse is there to see me?' Cunegonda answers, 'Sometimes the nurse sleeps; sometimes the nurse is away.' Damoride still persits. 'Madam! madam! the door is kept locked, and the nurse has got the key.'"

The key! I instantly thought of the missing key at Gleninch. Had he thought of it too? He certainly checked himself as the word escaped him. I resolved to make the signal. I rested my elbow on the arm of my chair, and played with my ear-ring. Benjamin took out his pencil, and arranged his note-book so that Ariel could not see what he was about if she happened to look his way.

We waited until it pleased Miserrimus Dexter to proceed. The interval was a long one. His hand went up again to his forehead. A duller and duller look was palpably stealing over his eyes. When he did speak, it was not to go on with the narrative, but to put a question.

"Where did I leave off?" he asked.

My hopes sank again as rapidly as they had risen. I managed to answer him, however, without showing any change in my manner.

"You left off," I said, "where Damoride was speaking to Cunegonda—"

"Yes! yes!" he interposed. "And what did she say?"

"She said, 'The door is kept locked, and the nurse has got the key.'"

He instantly leaned forward in his chair.

"No!" he answered, vehemently. "You're wrong. 'Key?' Nonsense! I never said 'Key.'"

"I thought you did, Mr. Dexter."

"I never did. I said something else; and you have forgotten it."

I refrained from disputing with him, in fear of what might follow. We waited again. Benjamin, sullenly submitting to my caprices, had taken down the questions and answers that had passed between Dexter and myself. He still mechanically kept his page open, and still held his pencil in readiness to go on. Ariel, quietly submitting to the drowsy influence of the wine while Dexter's voice was in her ears, felt uneasily the change to silence. She glanced round her restlessly; she lifted her eyes to "the Master."

There he sat, silent, with his hand to his head, still struggling to marshal his wandering thoughts; still trying to see light through the darkness that was closing round him.

"Master!" cried Ariel, piteously. "What's become of the story?"

He started as if she had awakened him out of a sleep; he shook his head impatiently, as though he wanted to throw off some oppression that weighed upon it.

"Patience! patience!" he said. "The story is going on again."

He dashed at it desperately: he picked up the first lost thread that fell in his way, reckless whether it was the right thread or the wrong one.

"Damoride fell on her knees. She burst into tears. She said—"

He stopped, and looked about him with vacant eyes.

"What name did I give the other woman?" he asked, not putting the question to me or to either of my companions: asking it of himself, or asking it of the empty air.

"You called the other woman Cunegonda," I said.

At the sound of my voice his eyes turned slowly—turned on me, and yet failed to look at me. Dull and absent, still and changeless, they were eyes that seemed to be fixed on something far away. Even his voice was altered when he spoke next. It had dropped to a quiet, vacant, monotonous tone. I had heard something like it while I was watching by my husband's bedside at the time of his delirium, when Eustace's mind appeared to be too weary to follow his speech. Was the end so near as this?

"I called her Cunegonda," he repeated. "And I called the other—"

He stopped once more.

"And you called the other Damoride," I said.

Ariel looked up at him with a broad stare of bewilderment. She pulled impatiently at the sleeve of his jacket to attract his notice.

"Is this the story, Master?" she asked.

He answered without looking at her; his changeless eyes still fixed, as it seemed, on something far away.

"This is the story," he said, absently. "But why Cunegonda? why Damoride? Why not Mistress and Maid? It's easier to remember Mistress and Maid—"

He hesitated; he shivered as he tried to raise himself in his chair. Then he seemed to rally. "What did the Maid say to the Mistress?" he muttered. "What? what? what?" He hesitated again. Then something seemed to dawn upon him unexpectedly. Was it some new thought that had struck him? or some lost thought that he had recovered? Impossible to say!

He went on, suddenly and rapidly went on, in these strange words.

"'The letter.' The Maid said, 'The letter.' Oh, my heart. Every word a dagger. A dagger in my heart. Oh, you letter. Horrible, horrible, horrible letter!"

What, in God's name, was he talking about? What did those words mean?

Was he unconsciously pursuing his faint and fragmentary recollections of a past time at Gleninch, under the delusion that he was going on with the story? In the wreck of the other faculties, was memory the last to sink? Was the truth, the dreadful truth, glimmering on me dimly through the awful shadow cast before it by the advancing eclipse of the brain? My breath failed me; a nameless horror crept through my whole being.

Benjamin, with his pencil in his hand, cast one warning look at me. Ariel was quiet and satisfied. "Go on, Master," was all she said. "I like it! I like it! Go on with the story."

He went on—like a man sleeping with his eyes open, and talking in his sleep.

"The Maid said to the Mistress. No: the Mistress said to the Maid. The Mistress said, 'Show him the letter. Must, must, must do it.' The Maid said, 'No. Mustn't do it. Sha'n't show it. Stuff. Nonsense. Let him suffer. We can get him off. Show it. No. Let the worst come to the worst. Show it then.' The Mistress said—" He paused, and waved his hand rapidly to and fro before his eyes, as if he was brushing away some visionary confusion or entanglement. "Which was it last?" he said, "Mistress or Maid? Mistress? No. Maid speaks, of course. Loud. Positive. 'You scoundrels. Keep away from that table. The Diary's there. Number Nine, Caldershaws. Ask for Dandie. You sha'n't have the Diary. A secret in your ear. The Diary will hang him. I won't have him hanged. How dare you touch my chair? My chair is Me! How dare you touch Me?"

The last words burst on me like a gleam of light! I had read them in the Report of the Trial—in the evidence of the sheriff's officer. Miserrimus Dexter had spoken in those very terms, when he had tried vainly to prevent the men from seizing my husband's papers, and when the men had pushed his chair out of the room. There was no doubt now of what his memory was busy with. The mystery at Gleninch! His last backward flight of thought circled feebly and more feebly nearer and nearer to the mystery at Gleninch.

Ariel roused him again. She had no mercy on him; she insisted on hearing the whole story.

"Why do you stop, Master? Get along with it! get along with it! Tell us quick—what did the Missus say to the Maid?"

He laughed feebly, and tried to imitate her.

"What did the Missus say to the Maid?" he repeated. His laugh died away. He went on speaking, more and more vacantly, more and more rapidly. "The Mistress said to the Maid, 'We've got him off. What about the letter? Burn it now. No fire in the grate. No matches in the box. House topsy-turvy. Servants all gone. Tear it up. Shake it up in the basket. Along with the rest. Shake it up. Waste paper. Throw it away. Gone forever. Oh, Sara, Sara, Sara! Gone forever.'"

Ariel clapped her hands, and mimicked him, in her turn.

"'Oh, Sara, Sara, Sara!' she repeated. "'Gone forever.' That's prime, Master! Tell us—who was Sara?"

His lips moved. But his voice sank so low that I could barely hear him. He began again, with the old melancholy refrain.

"The Maid said to the Mistress. No: the Mistress said to the Maid—" He stopped abruptly, and raised himself erect in the chair; he threw up both his hands above his head, and burst into a frightful screaming laugh. "Aha-ha-ha-ha! How funny! Why don't you laugh? Funny, funny, funny, funny. Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha—"

He fell back in the chair. The shrill and dreadful laugh died away into a low sob. Then there was one long, deep, wearily drawn breath. Then nothing but a mute vacant face turned up to the ceiling, with eyes that looked blindly, with lips parted in a senseless changeless grin. Nemesis at last! The foretold doom had fallen on him. The night had come.

But one feeling animated me when the first shock was over. Even the horror of that fearful sight seemed only to increase the pity that I felt for the stricken wretch. I started impulsively to my feet. Seeing nothing, thinking of nothing, but the helpless figure in the chair, I sprang forward to raise him, to revive him, to recall him (if such a thing might still be possible) to himself. At the first step that I took I felt hands on me—I was violently drawn back. "Are you blind?" cried Benjamin, dragging me nearer and nearer to the door. "Look there!"

He pointed, and I looked.

Ariel had been beforehand with me. She had raised her master in the chair; she had got one arm round him. In her free hand she brandished an Indian club, torn from a "trophy" of Oriental weapons that ornamented the wall over the fire-place. The creature was transfigured Her dull eyes glared like the eyes of a wild animal. She gnashed her teeth in the frenzy that possessed her. "You have done this!" she shouted to me, waving the club furiously round and round over her head. "Come near him, and I'll dash your brains out! I'll mash you till there's not a whole bone left in your skin!" Benjamin, still holding me with one hand, opened the door with the other. I let him do with me as he would; Ariel fascinated me; I could look at nothing but Ariel. Her frenzy vanished as she saw us retreating. She dropped the club; she threw both arms round him, and nestled her head on his bosom, and sobbed and wept over him. "Master! Master! They sha'n't vex you any more. Look up again. Laugh at me as you used to do. Say, 'Ariel, you're a fool.' Be like yourself again." I was forced into the next room. I heard a long low wailing cry of misery from the poor creature who loved him with a dog's fidelity and a woman's devotion. The heavy door was closed between us. I was in the quiet antechamber, crying over that piteous sight; clinging to my kind old friend, as helpless and as useless as a child.

Benjamin turned the key in the lock.

"There's no use in crying about it," he said, quietly. "It would be more to the purpose, Valeria, if you thanked God that you have got out of that room safe and sound. Come with me."

He took the key out of the lock, and led me down stairs into the hall. After a little consideration, he opened the front-door of the house. The gardener was still quietly at work in the grounds.

"Your master is taken ill," Benjamin said; "and the woman who attends upon him has lost her head—if she ever had a head to lose. Where does the nearest doctor live?"

The man's devotion to Dexter showed itself as the woman's devotion had shown itself—in the man's rough way. He threw down his spade with an oath.

"The Master taken bad?" he said. "I'll fetch the doctor. I shall find him sooner than you will."

"Tell the doctor to bring a man with him," Benjamin added. "He may want help."

The gardener turned round sternly.

"*I'm* the man," he said. "Nobody shall help but me."

He left us. I sat down on one of the chairs in the hall, and did my best to compose myself. Benjamin walked to and fro, deep in thought. "Both of them fond of him," I heard my old friend say to himself. "Half monkey, half man—and both of them fond of him. *That* beats me."

The gardener returned with the doctor—a quiet, dark, resolute man. Benjamin advanced to meet them. "I have got the key," he said. "Shall I go up stairs with you?"

Without answering, the doctor drew Benjamin aside into a corner of the hall. The two talked together in low voices. At the end of it the doctor said, "Give me the key. You can be of no use; you will only irritate her."

With those words he beckoned to the gardener. He was about to lead the way up the stairs, when I ventured to stop him.

"May I stay in the hall, Sir?" I said. "I am very anxious to hear how it ends."

He looked at me for a moment before he replied.

"You had better go home, madam," he said. "Is the gardener acquainted with your address?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well. I will let you know how it ends, by means of the gardener. Take my advice. Go home."

Benjamin placed my arm in his. I looked back, and saw the doctor and the gardener ascending the stairs together, on their way to the locked-up room.

"Never mind the doctor," I whispered. "Let's wait in the garden."

Benjamin would not hear of deceiving the doctor. "I mean to take you home," he said. I looked at him in amazement. My old friend, who was all meekness and submission so long as there was no emergency to try him, now showed the dormant reserve of manly spirit and decision in his nature, as he had never (in my experience) shown it yet. He led me into the garden. We had kept our cab: it was waiting for us at the gate.

On our way home Benjamin produced his note-book.

"What's to be done, my dear, with the gibberish that I have written here?" he said.

"Have you written it all down?" I asked, in surprise.

"When I undertake a duty, I do it," he answered. "You never gave me the signal to leave off—you never moved your chair. I have written every word of it. What shall I do? Throw it out of the cab window?"

"Give it to me!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I don't know yet. I will ask Mr. Playmore."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The report of a reconnaissance of Northwestern Wyoming, made in the summer of 1873 by Captain William A. Jones, of the United States Engineers, has just been published by Congress in a volume of 210 pages, with a large number of plates. It embraces a descriptive journal of the route, which started at Fort Bridger, via the Shoshone Agency, and the valley of the Big Horn to Yellowstone Lake, and the Three Tetons, and thence returned to Camp Brown.

The second chapter is specially devoted to the geography of the route, and especially that of the region about the Yellowstone Lake, previously reported upon by Dr. Hayden. There are also chapters on the meteorology of the region, an astronomical report, and a very detailed geological report by Professor Theodore B. Comstock. Dr. Heizmann, of the army, furnishes an account of the mineral and thermal waters. The botany is described by Dr. C. C. Parry, and the entomology by Mr. J. D. Putnam.

The most important result obtained by the expedition is the determination of a new and short route to the Yellowstone National Park, this being the result of the discovery of the Togwotee Pass, which permits a direct line to the region in question. This pass is at the head of Wind River, a little southeast from Yellowstone Lake, and constitutes a perfectly practicable passage to the Yellowstone Valley, via Wind River Valley. The other passes through the Sierra Shoshone are very difficult of transit.

Togwotee Pass is in latitude 43° 46′ 29″, longitude 110° 1′, and has an altitude of 9621 feet above the sea. Notwithstanding this altitude, the slopes approaching the summit are so long and regular that a railroad can be built over it at a reasonable cost. The route will be available at once for the construction of a wagon road.

The present route of travel to Montana leaves the Central Pacific Railroad at Corinne, and runs in a northerly direction through Idaho to Montana, crossing the Bannock Mountains on the divide between the Snake and the Missouri rivers. The distance from Corinne to Fort Ellis is 403 miles. The proposed road leaves the Union Pacific Railroad at Point of Rocks, Wyoming, and runs about north into the Wind River Valley, thence up that valley to its head, and through Togwotee Pass northerly to Yellowstone Lake, and through the Yellowstone National Park to Fort Ellis. This route passes all the principal curiosities of the National Park except the geysers, which can easily be reached by a short side road. By it the distance from Point of Rocks to Yellowstone Lake is 289 miles, and to Fort Ellis 437 miles.

The proposed route saves 250 miles of distance by railroad, 482 miles in reaching Yellowstone Lake, and 216 in reaching the principal cities in Montana. Besides this, it runs directly through the Yellowstone National Park, which at present is very inaccessible, and it will eventually be the shortest railroad line to Montana. It opens up a very large tract of low-lying timber land (about two millions of acres), and will prepare the way for the settlement of the Wind River Valley, the Teton Basin, and the valley of the Upper Yellowstone, and will finally throw open the Yellowstone National Park to the wonder-seekers of the world.

Professor Safarik, of Prague, endeavors to explain the intense brightness of Venus, and particularly the dazzling splendor of her bright limb, without assuming specular reflection on the surface of the planet. He remarks that the intensity of the phosphorescence of the sea in our tropical waters is not fully appreciated by the near observer, who therefore has only a faint idea of the intensity which this phenomenon can acquire under highly favorable circumstances, and the author thinks it not unreasonable to suppose that such a phosphorescence can be seen even at the distance of Venus. If so, it explains the fact that the edge of the dark limb of Venus is seen brighter than its central part; for it is demonstrable by calculation and confirmed by observations that a rough surface reflecting diffused light is seen the brighter the more obliquely it is regarded.

The survey of the Northern lakes, under the charge of the Engineer Bureau, was prosecuted during the year 1874 with its usual energy. Among the more important results of the season is the determination of the topography and inshore hydrography of Lake Michigan, the triangulation of Wisconsin southwardly to the vicinity of Chicago, the survey and mapping of Detroit River, the triangulation and elaboration of the topography and hydrography of the St. Lawrence River from the forty-fifth parallel to Lake Ontario. The survey of Lake Ontario has been begun also, and much of the field work has been reduced. Charts of a portion of the St. Lawrence, of Sandusky Harbor, of Chicago, and of the mouth of Detroit River have been completed.

The sixth report of the committee on underground temperatures states that they have made a very interesting series of observations in the great well of La Chapelle, at Paris. There was a tolerably regular increase of temperature at the average rate of one degree F. for every ninety-four feet, except for the very last portion of the well, where a sudden increase appeared to take place, giving a rate of about one degree for every twenty-five feet. A very elaborate calculation has been made by the engineers in charge of the well, which has shown that a large portion of this sudden increase of temperature must be attributed to the heat generated by the operation of boring the well. The total weight of the tool employed by them is 3000 kilograms, and the quantity of work converted into heat at every fall of this great weight through a distance of fifteen inches is sufficient to raise the temperature of the lower portion to nearly 100 degrees F., which heat is retained at the bottom of the well for many days, owing to the feeble conducting power of the surrounding rocks.

Dr. William Macdonald, Professor of Civil and Natural History in the United Colleges of St. Andrews, died on the 1st of January, 1875, after occupying that chair for twenty-four years.

Lieutenant Wheeler has just published a "Preliminary Report upon the Invertebrate Fossils collected by the Expeditions of 1871–72 and 1873," with descriptions of many new species, prepared by Professor C. A. White, in which many additions to the paleontology of the country are recorded. These embrace forms from the Lower Silurian, Canadian, Carboniferous, Jurassic, and Cretaceous periods.

The third annual report of the American Fish-culturists Association, just published, contains the proceedings of the annual meeting held in New York on the 10th of February, 1874. On this occasion a large attendance was present, consisting of the most prominent fish-culturists of the country, together with the Fish Commissioners of the several States and of the United States. The most important communications made were as follows: On "The Introduction of Eastern Fish into the Waters of the Pacific Slope," by Livingston Stone; on "The Experiences of a practical Fish-Culturist," by Seth Green; "Salmon-breeding at Bucksport," by Charles G. Atkins; "Report on the Work of the United States Fish Commission," by S. F. Baird; on "The Fish-Ways of Pennsylvania," by James Worrall; and on "Laws for the Preservation of Fish," by Charles Halleck.

In the death of Mr. James H. Roome, of New York, practical natural history experiences quite a loss, this gentleman having been for many years well known as a taxidermist and collector of objects of natural history. His death took place on the 20th of January, at the age of sixty-five.

Mr. G. C. Brodhead, State Geologist of Missouri, in a large octavo volume, with an atlas of illustrations, has published the report of the field work for 1873–74 of the geological survey under his charge, and printed under the authority and direction of the Bureau of Geology and Mining of that State. It contains the usual details in regard to the economical geology of Missouri, and is a very important report upon the industrial resources of the State.

The death of Francis Kiernan, the eminent zoologist and anatomist, occurred on the 31st of December, 1874, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Kiernan is perhaps best known to the world at large from his papers on the structure of the liver, published in the Royal Transactions. He was an examiner of the Royal College of Surgeons for many years.

Dr. S. B. Buckley has published his first annual report of the Geological and Agricultural Survey of Texas, in which he gives an account of the labors of his predecessors and of his own operations during the year. In addition to a general sketch of the economical geology of the country, we have tables of precipitation and temperature, an indication of the principal soils and animal and vegetable products, etc., with a reproduction of a defense made some years ago by the author against criticisms by Professor Gray in regard to certain species of Texas plants described by him as new.

The death of Mr. Israel S. Diehl occurred on the 4th of January, near Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. This gentleman, although not known as a writer on subjects of scientific moment, rendered important services to the cause of natural history by collections made during his extensive tours throughout the world, which were transmitted to the National Museum at Washington, and elsewhere.

For a considerable period of his life he was a resident of California, and traveled over a large portion of the Pacific coast; and afterward, at intervals, visited different lands in the East, and for several years was United States consul at Batavia. He was particularly interested in the subject of introducing the Cashmere goat into the United States, and, in behalf of an American company, visited the regions of the Old World where this animal is to be found in its perfection, and caused a large number to be brought to the United States. These ultimately, we believe, found their way to California. Mr. Diehl was forty-nine years of age at the time of his death.

Dr. Hayden has printed the third edition of No. 1 of his Miscellaneous Publications, consisting of a list of elevations, principally west of the Mississippi River, as prepared by Mr. Henry Gannett. This is by far the best summary of altitudes that has yet been published in this country, and is indispensable to an appreciation of the physical geography of the United States.

The use of the barometer in measuring altitudes in the interior of this continent has received excellent aid from the tables and investigations of Mr. Pettee, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, under the charge of Professor Whitney, State Geologist of California. The work of Professor Whitney, besides containing an abstract of all the important publications relating to this subject, gives in detail the steps by which he has been able to compile an empirical table which, he says, may be used with advantage for California, and possibly for the whole of the Rocky Mountain region. The first requisite in the investigation being the accumulation of trustworthy observations, Professor Whitney found it necessary to establish stations in care of the telegraph operators on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, supplying them with all auxiliary apparatus. These stations were maintained for three years, although with considerable breaks in the continuity of their record. The elevation of the highest point was 7000 feet above the sea, and that of the lowest point only twenty or thirty. Among the conclusions that Professor Whitney draws from his observations we mention that the resulting altitudes are always lower as computed from morning and night observations than at mid-day. They are also lower in winter than in summer, when the lines are based upon the mean of all the observations of any day. The results are found at some stations to approximate most closely to the truth in February, September, and October; at other stations in March, April, and September. The 7 A.M. and 9 P.M. observations give results which agree, in the main, with each other. In making use of the tables given by Professor Whitney the most that can be hoped for is a better agreement among themselves of the altitudes computed from observations taken in different conditions of the atmosphere.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 21.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday, 24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday, 28.—Third Sunday in Lent.

MARCH.

Sunday, 7.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 14.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 21.—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday, 26.—Good-Friday.
Saturday, 27.—Easter-Even.
Sunday, 28.—Easter-Day.

The hostility of the Roman Catholics of the Province of New Brunswick to the public schools has resulted in the death of two persons, and the arrest of sixteen for resistance to the law. At Caraquette, Gloucester County, there have been threats and noisy demonstrations made ever since the last annual school meeting. On the last Friday of January an assault was made by a mob upon the premises of the Hon. Mr. Young, the rioters declaring that "they intended to kill all who had paid or would pay the school tax." They attacked also other stores and offices, and among the rest the office of Mr. Blackhall, the Collector of Customs.

On the following Monday a number of special constables proceeded to Caraquette for the purpose of arresting these disturbers of the peace. Entering the house of a man named Albert, where the rioters were thought to be concealed, the head of the constables' party was shot dead as he was ascending the stairs. A rush was made, shots were exchanged, and eleven men were finally captured. The militia of Chatham and Newcastle were called out, and proceeded to Caraquette. The excitement throughout the county is said to be intense. The rioters are described as the "constituents of Mr. Anglin, editor of the *New Brunswick Freeman* and Speaker of the House of Commons, who has been continually inciting his patrons to hostility against the school law."

The Rev. Thomas E. Thomas, D.D., Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, died February 2, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was celebrated for accurate scholarship, and grace and power as a public speaker.

The Illinois Protestant Episcopal Convention followed the election of Dr. De Koven, as bishop, by the adoption of a report strongly censuring the House of Deputies in the late Triennial Convention for its refusal to permit the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Seymour. The report declares that the House of Deputies "in effect, if not in fact, resolved itself into an ecclesiastical court, and pronounced judicial condemnation upon Dr. Seymour, and upon the assumed false doctrine he held concerning the Eucharist." It denies that the House of Deputies possesses any judicial powers, and claims that the action taken in the case of Dr. Seymour is contrary to the constitution of the Church. The report was submitted to the "judgment of the Church at large." Leading Low-Churchmen of the diocese have protested against the election of Dr. De Koven, and are taking measures to prevent his consecration.

The interest created by the preaching and singing of Messrs. Moody and Sankey increases with the continuance of their stay in England. Manchester is now said to be greatly stirred; the preparations for the reception of the evangelists in Liverpool and London we have already described. An English correspondent of an American paper reports that at a recent "meeting of the London Baptist Association the whole day seemed to be given to the 'revival.' In the morning the ministers and delegates talked and prayed about it, and in the evening it was the one subject of consideration at the public meeting in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle."

Dr. Wilbur M'Kaig, whose trial for doctrinal error we have already noticed, has declined the call of the Ninth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and has applied for admission to the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was originally a minister.

The cable reports that the Bishop of Strasburg having issued a charge to his clergy, in which he declared that the Church was persecuted, the German authorities have seized the copies of it and forbidden its promulgation.

The third Reformed Episcopal Church in Philadelphia has been organized.

The natives of Alaska, said to number 20,000, have petitioned our government to send them Christian ministers and teachers. A letter from the Deputy Collector of Customs at Unangel to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs states that the Indians have volunteered the offer that if teachers, ministers, etc., were sent to instruct them, they would build churches and school-houses at their own cost and labor, which they are competent to do, as they are all expert in log architecture on primitive principles. "They have," says the Collector, "long been envious of their neighbors on the British side of the line, at Fort Simpson, known as the Metla Katla tribe, who have advanced in civilized habits and education, by the efforts of English Protestant missionaries, quite up to the standard of the older Christian communities of the sea-coasts."

The spirit of union among American Christians finds expression in the undenominational chapels which have been opened on the continent of Europe. That in Berlin is in the Junker Strasse, and is at present without a pastor; the chapel at Florence is in charge of the Rev. J. E. Kittredge; that at Geneva, of the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon; that at Interlachen, of the Rev. Edward Judson; that at Leipsic, of the Rev. Samuel Ives Curtis; that at Lucerne, of the Rev. G. W. Benjamin; that at Paris, of the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock; that at Rome, of the Rev. Leroy M. Vernon. These ministers represent the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Methodist Episcopal Churches. There are also distributed over the Continent Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist churches, sustained by missionary appropriations from the United States.

The Baptists of Boston are emulous of their Congregational brethren. They propose to match the "Congregational House," which is one of the ornaments of that city, with a Centennial Baptist Building, which, besides other uses, will be the depository of the valuable library of the Baptist Historical Society. If possible, it will be made ready for dedication on the 4th of July, 1876.

The frequent declinations of the episcopate in the Protestant Episcopal communion have been of late a subject of remark. The Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman, bishop elect of the diocese of Fond du Lac, has refused the office. He assigns as a reason the claims of his parish in Toledo. The vestry of his church (Trinity) presented a strongly written protest against his removal from a people of whom he had so recently assumed the pastoral care.

The total number of Congregational churches in the world is given by the *Independent* as 7614. Of these 3276 are in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, 105 in Canada and Newfoundland, 151 in Australia, 57 in other dependencies of England, 300 sustained by the London Missionary Society, 3325 in the United States, and 300 foreign missionary churches sustained by American Congregationalists. There are in England seventeen Congregational colleges.

The banishment of the Sisters of Charity from Mexico has already been noticed in this Intelligence. According to a Mexican paper, they number at present in that republic 410 persons, of whom 355 are Mexicans, 27 French, 25 Spanish, and 1 Irish. They had forty-three establishments, of which twenty-eight were supported by private charity. The movement in the Congress for their suppression was begun in November last, and the law was finally adopted by a vote of 113 to 57. Many protests have been made against its execution. By its terms the Sisters are not banished, but required to wear secular costumes, and are prohibited from living in communities. Some of them have gone to Cuba.

The facts in relation to the slave-trade in Africa begin to look hopeful. Bishop Steere, of Zanzibar, writes as follows to a London paper: "No considerable capture has been made for a long time past between the Sultan's coast and Arabia. We are beginning to hope that the atrocities described by Dr. Livingstone in the Nyassa country are really diminishing, though nothing but the evangelization of the country can be relied upon as the means of finally extinguishing them." Abou Saood, the slave-trader who so baffled Sir Samuel Baker's expedition, and who was, for some reason not explained, made an assistant to Sir Samuel's successor, has been sent back to Cairo in disgrace. The statement made not very long since, that "at the meeting of kings and chiefs at Cape Coast Castle it was decided not to permit slaves to leave their masters unless proof were forthcoming of maltreatment," is officially contradicted. Under British protection, it is declared, every slave has become free, and may leave his former owner if he will.

The Baptists of our country are making great efforts to utilize the approaching Centennial of American Independence "by a simultaneous and universal effort to strengthen and endow institutions of higher learning connected with the denomination. The plan devised is to form in each State a Central Centennial Committee," whose duty it will be to inaugurate, supervise, and direct the collection of funds, pay them over to such objects as may be designated by the donors, and to distribute any undesignated funds. Advisory committees have been organized at Boston, Chicago, Richmond, and other large cities to effect the organization of State committees, and "to secure the interests of those universities and theological seminaries which have immediate claims on the Baptists of more than one State." The advisory committee at Richmond has requested the Baptists of Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida to unite in an effort to secure a permanent endowment of the Southern Theological Seminary. The committee for the city of New York has for several weeks been holding meetings in the Oliver Street Church.

In a letter to the *Church Journal*, Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, explains his abstention from participating in the consecration of Bishop Dudley to be due to a private opinion which he holds of the ineligibility to the episcopate of clergymen who have married more than once. This was explained to Dr. Dudley, with the accompaniment of the regrets of Bishop Whittingham.

Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Salford, England, has arrived in the United States, and has delivered a lecture in St. Stephen's Church, New York. He comes accompanied by the Rev. Canon Bendit, director of St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, near London, and other priests. The bishop has the supervision of the training in England of priests for mission work among the freedmen of the South, and is here to promote the interests of the mission. The principal house of the mission is in Baltimore, and is in charge of Father Noonan, who has two associates. There is also another house in Louisville, under the care of Father Vigneroút, and it is proposed to establish a third, possibly in Charleston.

According to the Boston *Pilot*, the origin of this important enterprise is due "to the exertions of Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, who succeeded some years since in collecting and establishing a congregation, composed exclusively of colored people, in the basement of St. Ignatius's Church, corner of Madison and Calvert streets, Baltimore. In course of time the congregation became so numerous that it was found absolutely necessary to procure a large edifice to worship in. Accordingly the church building on the corner of Calvert and Pleasant streets, formerly occupied by the Universalist congregation, was purchased, and dedicated as a Catholic church for the colored people. For some time it continued to be served by the Jesuit fathers from St. Ignatius's, when, Bishop O'Connor having resigned his bishopric to become a member of the Society of Jesus, it was deemed advisable that the church should be regularly served by resident priests. For this purpose overtures were made to St. Joseph's Mission of the Sacred Heart, located at Mill Hill, near London, England, and the church was placed under the care of the mission fathers."

A mission was also established in St. George's County, Maryland, but has been abandoned. The rule of the order of "St. Joseph's Mission of the Sacred Heart" requires the priests to minister exclusively to colored people, except in extreme cases. Bishop Vaughan is known in England as a man of ability and scholarly attainments.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well, my poor woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous, and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the parson. "Oh, Sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!" The parson made tracks.

What word is that of which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Fall.

A good many years ago a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the fact of his election was announced, he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

A chiropodist in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corns; the fairest, boldest, best; Romeo doubtless had corns; Juliet had, probably; and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator."

A few days since a dun called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside and blandly saying, "My dear Sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it?—When he folds it.

Scotch and Shakspeareana.—"D'ye ken why ma neckhandkerchief is like one of Master Shakspeare's plays? Hoot toit! Ye dinna ken? Vera weel; then I'll just tell ye: ma neckhandkerchief is like one of his plays because it's a *Tie-mon.*"

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

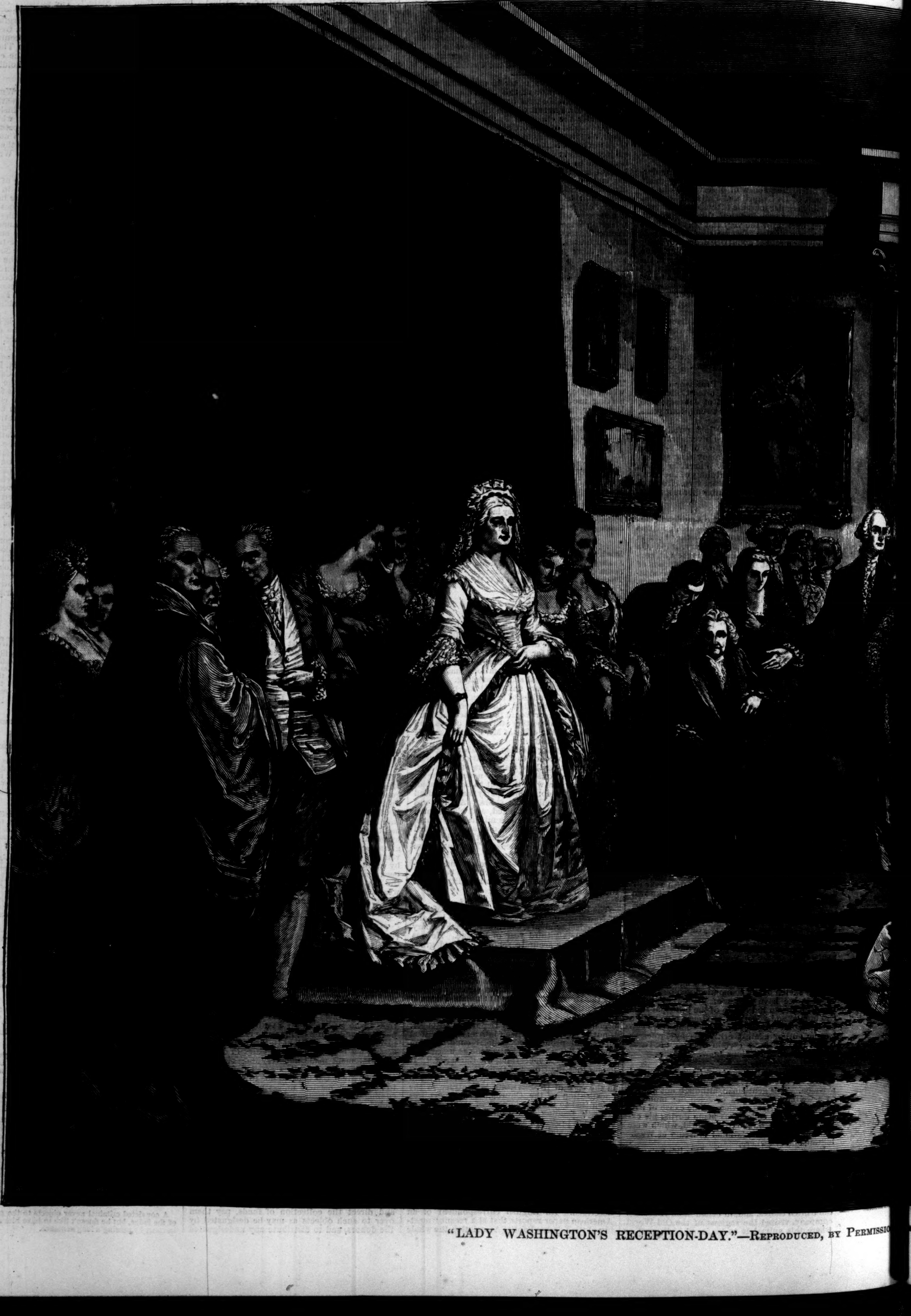
Wanted to Know.—If a man "pursues a path," is the path supposed to run away from him? Of what thickness is a "line of conduct?" When a clock "runs down," does it ever capsize itself?

The man who carried out his moral resolutions did not bring them back again.

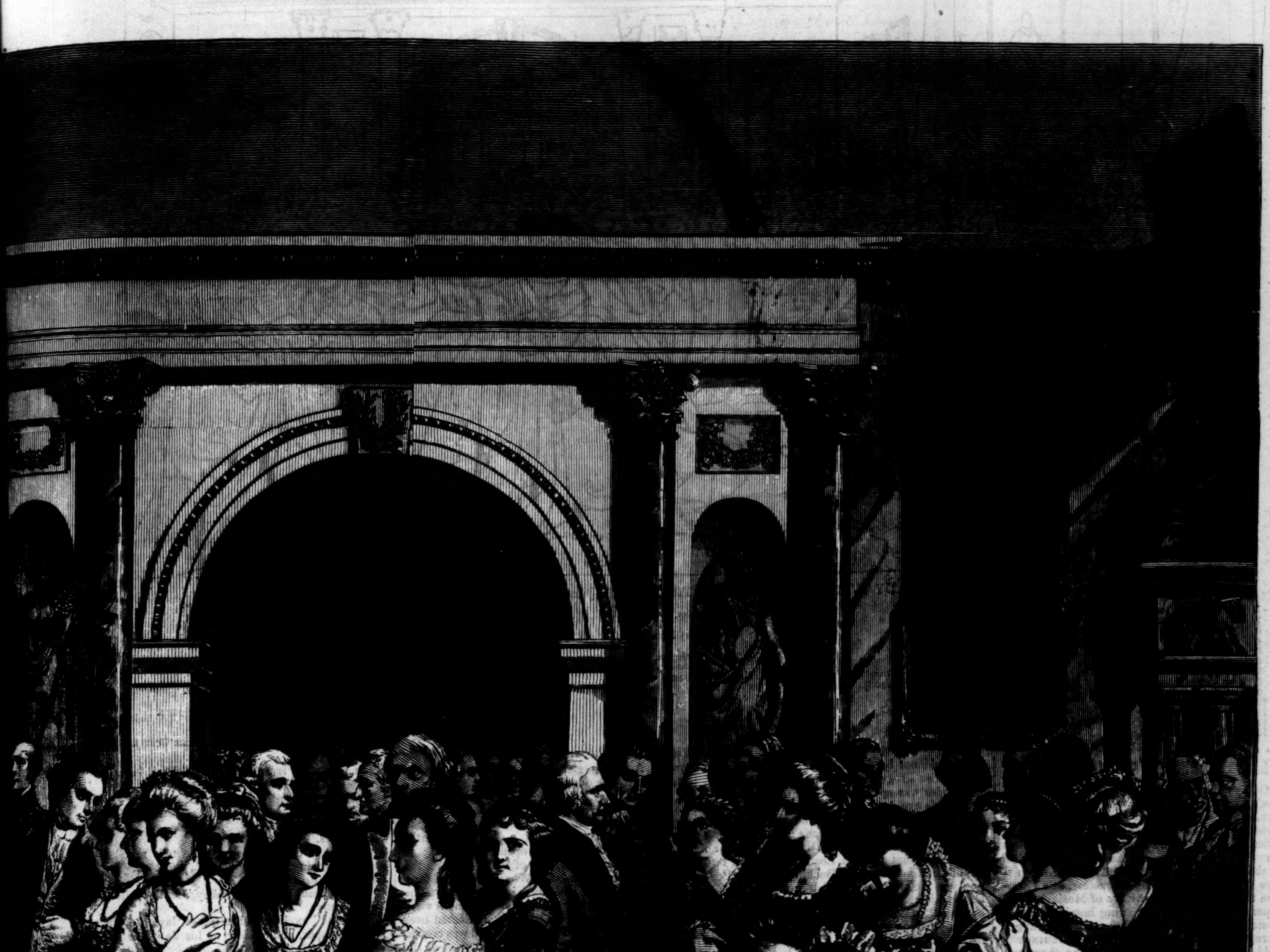
There is an anecdote of an honest Irishman, whose mingled sense of the duty of gratitude and the awkwardness of obligation found vent in the characteristic aspiration, "Oh, that I could see your honor knocked down in a fight! Sure, and wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

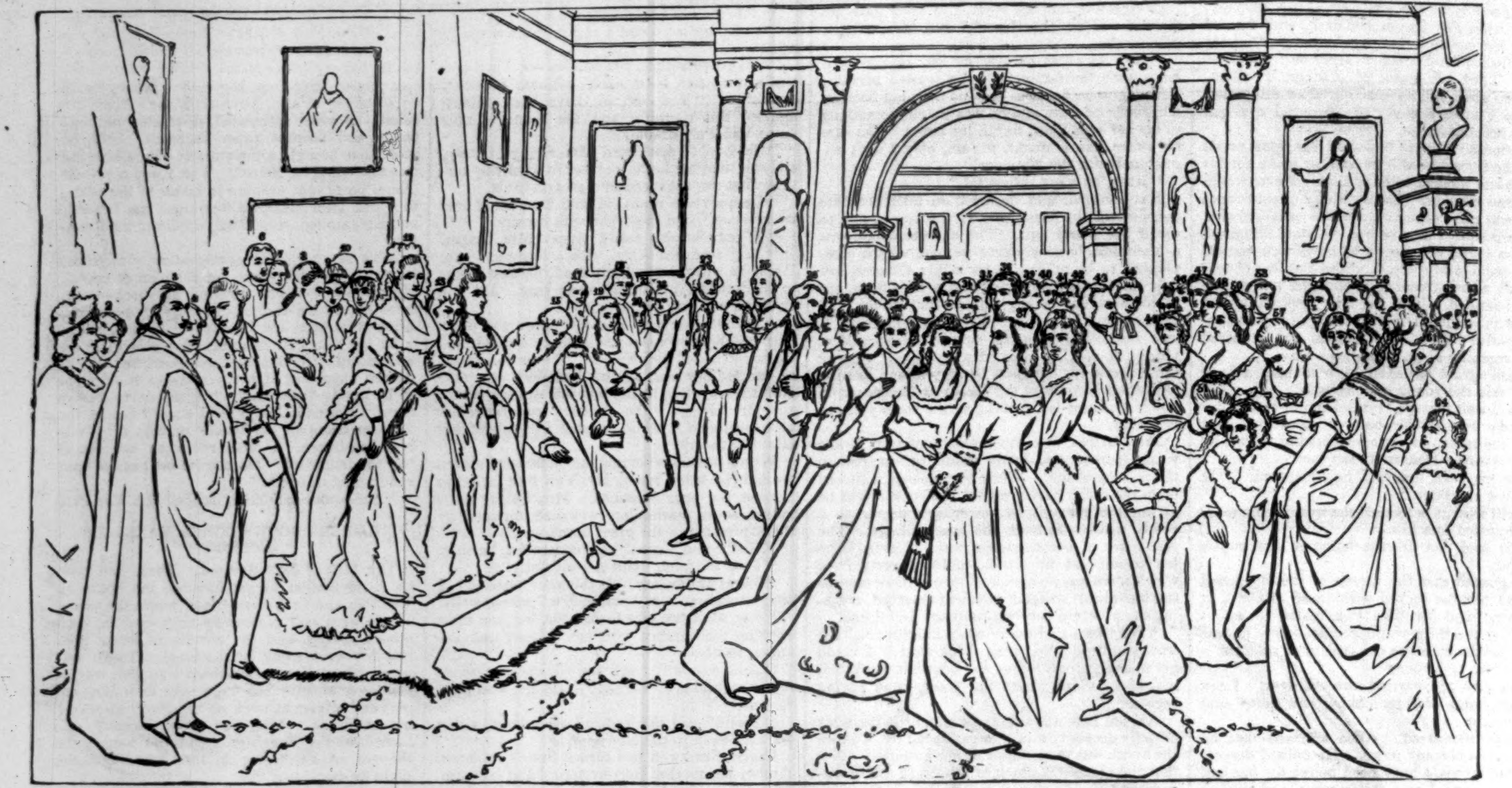
A convicted criminal never objects to the grammar of the judge, but he doesn't like to have him show off in court by passing a long sentence.



"LADY WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION-DAY."—Reproduced, by Permissio



ssio the Engraving of Mr. Huntington's celebrated Painting.—[See Page 178.]



KEY TO "LADY WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION-DAY."—[See Double-page Engraving.]

1. Mrs. John Adams.
2. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.
3. John Jay.
4. John Adams.
5. Alexander Hamilton.
6. Henry Laurens.
7. John Dickinson.
8. Mrs. Rufus King.
9. Mrs. Van Rensselaer.
10. ——— ———
11. Mrs. Genet.
12. Mrs. Washington.
13. Nelly Custis.
14. Mrs. Robert Morris.
15. Colonel John Trumbull.
16. Jonathan Trumbull.
17. Oliver Ellsworth.
18. Thomas Jefferson.
19. Miss Habersham.
20. Mrs. Wadsworth (Faith Trumbull, sister of Colonel J. Trumbull).
21. Oliver Wolcott.
22. George Hammond.
23. General Washington.
24. Harriet Chew.
25. The Duke of Kent.
26. Arthur Middleton.
27. Mrs. Drayton.
28. Miss (Brockholst) Livingston.
29. Mrs. Bingham.
30. Mrs. William S. Smith.
31. Benjamin Huntington.
32. Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick.
33. Lewis Morris.
34. Robert Morris.
35. Thomas M'Kean.
36. General Greene.
37. Mrs. John Jay.
38. Sophia Chew.
39. Gouverneur Morris.
40. Louis Philippe.
41. James Iredell.
42. Dr. Benjamin Rush.
43. Charles Carroll.
44. Bishop White.
45. Gilbert Stuart.
46. General O. Williams.
47. Robert R. Livingston.
48. Francis Hopkinson.
49. Catherine Duer.
50. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis.
51. Mrs. Ralph Izard.
52. Mrs. George Clinton.
53. John Hancock.
54. Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green.
55. Baron Steuben.
56. Edmund Randolph.
57. Mrs. Cutler.
58. Mrs. Richard Caton.
59. Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.
60. Mrs. Winthrop.
61. Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph.
62. General Lincoln.
63. General Knox.
64. George Washington Parke Custis.

"LADY WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION-DAY."

Our double-page engraving of Mr. Huntington's painting, in possession of Mr. A. T. Stewart, which we have reproduced on wood by permission of Mr. Emil Seitz, the well-known printseller and owner of the large steel engraving, has a twofold interest for our readers. The ladies of the St. John's Guild intend to have the picture represented by living characters, at a reception to be held at the Academy of Music, to raise a permanent fund for a floating hospital for destitute sick children. The stage will be arranged to represent the room where Lady Washington held the reception, and many of the characters portrayed in the painting will be represented by their descendants. It will be a very interesting spectacle, and the charity the reception is designed to aid is certainly a very worthy one. The arrangement of the costumes and the stage will be under the general direction of Mr. Huntington, by special request of the ladies interested.

A PAIR OF TURTLE-DOVES.

By the Author of "A Sack of Gold."

I.—LEANDER BRADLEY MEETS HIS FATE.

A morning in June, when the fragrance of early summer crept even into the busy city streets in the sweetness of violets, the delicate green tints of vines on brick walls, the stone vases of doorways, and windows brimming over with clustering exotics.

Leander Bradley, clerk to the great lawyer, Buckingham Van Pelt, paused on his way to the office to gaze at old Trinity, with its spire climbing toward the clear heavens, and the surrounding church-yard, sheltering its sacred dust amidst springing grass, and with hyacinths wafting perfume from tiny bells as if in memory of the silent dead resting beneath the crumbling stones.

Leander, young, buoyant, and of ardent temperament, whistled gayly as he glanced at the tombstones, life was so full of joyous prospects to him in mere existence; but many weary eyes sought the quiet spot beyond the boundary, and lingered there.

In the office three other young men were already at work, and he joined them in silence. At ten o'clock Mr. Van Pelt entered, large and massive in appearance, and, after glancing around on his myrmidons, withdrew to his private room.

Mr. Van Pelt was fabulously rich, having married an heiress and thereby increased his estate. He did not aspire to a reputation for forensic eloquence, and confined himself chiefly to untangling the skein of business litigation. He was proud of his eminence, and would not have forfeited his claims to daily homage in appearing down town for any consideration. His yearly income would have tempted most men to remain at the bar, and perhaps tempted Mr. Van Pelt also. He had his foot on the world's neck by reason of private riches and his own arrogant bearing, and in exact proportion as he needed nothing of it, the world was anxious to increase his wealth. Here was a man whose legal acumen could not be doubted, since he could live and flourish altogether without clients if he chose.

Leander was apt to flush slightly beneath his employer's eye, because he was poor, proud, and a relation. He dwelt with his grandmother, Mrs. Griggs, at No. 5 St. Peter's Place, and that fond old woman had eaten humble pie to an alarming extent to gain Leander entrance into the office of her kinsman, Buckingham Van Pelt. She was determined that her grandson should be a gentleman, and shabby were the gowns worn by herself while he was receiving a suitable education. The great man had finally consented to accept that rising lawyer, Leander Bradley, and enroll him beneath the Van Pelt banner; but if Mrs. Griggs fancied that her grandson would be the recipient of especial favor, she was vastly mistaken. It came to be distinctly understood in the office that the more young Leander was "put down," the better would Mr. Van Pelt be pleased, since he could then be accused of no favoritism to a relative.

If there was a disagreeable duty to perform, young Leander was selected, and he went always without a murmur, but he compressed his lips, and held his head well up as he did so. Provided the lad had good stuff in him, which Mr. Van Pelt questioned, grinding would develop it, sharpen the edge and polish the metal of Leander's abilities. The lawyer found leisure amidst the many occupations of his sanctum to doubt if he had not been duped and circumvented by the old woman in St. Peter's Place in giving her grandson a post at all.

"He will always be hanging about me, and working his way by using my name," he reflected, sourly.

On this June morning the door opened at twelve o'clock, and Mr. Van Pelt thrust his head into the outer office. Instantly the eyes of the three clerks turned deferentially on his face, as if moved by a spring, and their pens remained suspended in mid-air. Leander Bradley alone continued to write without raising his eyes from the page. This trifle decided Mr. Van Pelt to employ him.

"Here, Bradley, take this note up to my house."

"Yes, Sir."

"You know where it is, I dare say," suspiciously.

"Yes, Sir."

The young man made his way up town.

"Wait until I am independent!" he muttered. "Perhaps the old fellow considers it a liberty in me to even know where he lives. I mean to build grandmother a much finer house some day."

In the mean while grandmother would have been satisfied to own the roof over her head. Mr. Van Pelt's residence was all that could be expected. A broad granite wall faced the street, like the owner's countenance. When Leander had touched the bronze gong, the portal flew open, revealing a charming glimpse of marble hall, stairway of polished wood, holding a statue in the curve of the baluster, and conservatory beyond.

It was not the first time a poor youth had stood with sudden wonder and awe on the threshold of the splendor he would one day make his own. A young girl came tripping down the stair just as the door opened.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"A note to your ma from the office, miss," replied the servant.

"Mamma has gone to a luncheon party. Wait, young man. I may open it."

Leander made good use of his eyes while the note was being perused. What manner of fairy princess was this enshrined in a palace? The girl was pretty, with delicate features and a vivacious expression. Her brown hair floated over her shoulders in a crimped mane, and was crowned with a jaunty hat, her dress a marvel of the skill of a French modiste. Decidedly she was still very young, and yet the way in which she slightly elevated her eyebrows and glanced up in Leander's face was scarcely infantile; it belonged rather to the school-girl of this precocious age.

"Papa will not dine at home. That is all. Will you come in, please?"

Her tone was one of coaxing entreaty. He followed her into a drawing-room. The lad, reared amidst the shabbiness of St. Peter's Place, had never dreamed of such magnificence. Every thing was crimson and gilt, from the pictures on the dark velvet surface of the walls to the massive chandeliers. To Leander's dazzled eyes the gilding was pure gold, the wealth of Buckingham Van Pelt plating his dwelling as votaries decorate their temples, and in a rift of sunshine which parted the heavy curtains stood the girl with the flowing brown hair and beautiful gray eyes. Leander remembered vaguely afterward that diamonds twinkled like dew-drops in her little ears, yet nothing seemed incongruous about this bird-of-paradise with showy plumage. The young lady soon set him entirely at his ease, asked a hundred questions, frankly imparting information in return.

"Why, if you are the young man Bradley, we are a sort of cousins. Let us have a little fun. You shall take lunch with me, and then I will drive you to the Park. I was going to take Carrie Blackwell, but she will have to wait. Besides, I like boys a great deal better than girls any way."

A model hero, mindful of his duty, and recalling the imperious dictation of his employer, would have gently but firmly declined the tempting invitation and gone his way miserably. Leander did nothing of the sort.

The two young people lunched together none the less merrily for the consciousness that they were mice at play, and afterward jaunted up the Avenue in the most charming phaeton, drawn by fat ponies with silver trappings, and a groom perched behind. Alice Van Pelt was the daintiest charioteer. She drove at a dashing pace, and what with the tiny gauntlets, the silver-mounted whip, the natty jacket and hat, Leander was more dazzled than ever.

"Shall I never see you again?" sighed young love, as they drew up by the curb-stone at some distance from the Van Pelt mansion.

"Perhaps you may," replied Alice, with a demure smile worthy of twenty.

"I can not hope for that," said Leander, gravely, realizing that the dream of pleasure was over.

"If you write me a note inclosed to Miss Carrie Blackwell, No. 4 Millefleur Square, it will reach me. She is to be trusted. I tell her all my secrets."

Then away went the little phaeton, and the young man was left on the pavement gazing blankly after it.

Said Mrs. Van Pelt:

"Alice, love, Mrs. Blancmange tells me she saw you driving a young man in the Park yesterday. Who was it, pet?"

"My cousin, Leander Bradley," replied Alice, indifferently.

"What!" exclaimed her father, laying down his newspaper, and gazing at his daughter severely.

"Now that comes of your sending those clerks up from the office," said Mrs. Van Pelt, superciliously.

"Madam, do you suppose I would keep a clerk in my office who was not fit to drive with my daughter? Only do not invite Bradley again, my dear. It may turn his head."

Alice, humming a tune, looked in the mirror.

"Do you hear me, Alice?"

"Oh, you dear old papa, how cross you are this morning! Of course I heard you; I'm not deaf, Sir. I hope to gracious you are not going to have another attack of gout, and lead us such a life! We will make a journey, and leave you to growl alone next time—won't we, mamma?"

The lion's cub may play with the royal beast's mane, but woe to the other animal that attempts such familiarity.

The stationers did all the better business in those days for the correspondence between the newly found cousins, commenced in such a romantic manner. Fanned by concealment and probable opposition, the spark kindled in the pony-phaeton had become a steady flame by the end of autumn. Moreover, Carrie Blackwell, confidential friend and fellow-enthusiast, poured the oil of a ready sympathy on the fire which might otherwise have languished.

Carrie was a girl of fifteen, who wore silk gowns and tinkling ornaments at school, and who enjoyed a reputation for individuality, chiefly founded on the facts that her pocket was always full of chocolate-drops and that she devoted more time to the arrangement of eccentric coiffures after the latest fashion than to her studies. Carrie's mamma was an invalid, who reclined in her chamber all day reading novels, and Carrie's papa and brothers were busy about their own affairs. Hence the advantage of her position as confidante. Both young ladies were pupils of the celebrated Madame Papillon.

From notes to stolen interviews, from merry laughter to dreamy silence, broken only by occasional sentimental sighs or whispered endearments, blue eyes searching gray eyes for a clew to the all-pervading mystery of attraction.

Leander Bradley, hitherto most sunny-tempered of grandsons, subject to moods of hilarity and subsequent gloom; Alice Van Pelt, most airy and impertinent of spoiled daughters, curiously meditative, and fond of reading poetry in twilight corners, a taste shared by confidante Carrie—all this transpiring under parental noses; Mrs. Blackwell consuming romance in her chamber above, with the very young lovers exchanging vows in her parlor, while the discreet Carrie discovers errands to the adjacent library and balcony. Alice sits late at her desk, with flushed cheeks, tearing up and rewriting notes of tender reconciliation after a tiff of some sort with Leander. They are pupils of Madame Papillon, these two girls, and have acquired an altogether faultless French accent: the parental eye can discern nothing amiss.

Leander, a victim of hope and fear, must needs doubt the future he will be able to make for his wife: it had already come to that. Never would either wed another. The sophistry of confidante Carrie was most seductive: it was ordained that these two should love before the stars illumined space—a sound conclusion to have been arrived at by a maiden of sixteen, whose diet was chocolate, and whose freedom of thought and action was unbounded. This fiat was received by the lovers with tragic solemnity, sitting in Mrs. Blackwell's parlor with clasped hands, and occurred on the morning of St. Valentine's Day.

"I am afraid we shall have to wait a long while," said the young man, soberly.

"I will wait forever," replied Alice, heroically.

Leander brought his beloved, as a loyal subject of the saint, an engagement-ring, which he had purchased—Heaven knows how.

"For my sake, dearest," he whispered. "It is our first valentine."

"I will wear it before all the world," she said, and submitted to a kiss.

Carrie took her friends home in her papa's carriage.

It happened that the wheels of the Blackwell equipage became locked with those of the Van Pelt coupé, and Mr. Van Pelt glared in astonishment at the three young people, before he was carried helplessly along the stream of vehicles.

What was to be done?

"We must get married directly, dear. I can never go home with pa looking like that," said Alice, firmly.

Leander demurred. Alice affirmed that he did not love her any more. He opined desperately that it would have been better for her had she never seen him. Alice wept and wished she were dead. As for Carrie Blackwell, she ate a chocolate, reflected deeply, and gave her opinion with her usual readiness:

"You can go to almost any minister. I will be bride-maid, and he needs a witness."

II.—A BRIDE OF SIXTEEN.

"Mr. Deidesheimer."

"Hein!"

"He's gone, and I believe in total depravity at last."

"So."

Mr. Deidesheimer ran down stairs with remarkable agility for a man of his size, and confronted his landlady, Mrs. Griggs, in the hall with an appearance of sympathetic astonishment. A good face that of Herr Deidesheimer, rosy, clean shaven, the upper lip shaded by a gray mustache *à la militaire*, and merry, twinkling blue eyes with fat lids.

Mrs. Griggs applied her handkerchief to her mournful visage before proceeding.

"That is not all, Sir. He stole my silver teapot, which had been in the Van Pelt family for four generations—ever since my great-great-grandmother married—"

"Yes, yes," interposed the gentleman, somewhat testily. "How much did he owe you?"

"For a month's board come Monday, and as civil a young man as one would wish to see," replied Mrs. Griggs, gloomily.

Mr. Deidesheimer pursed up his lips, nodded so energetically that the tassel of the smoking-cap he wore seemed to be waltzing around his head, and shook his finger at Mrs. Griggs with an altogether triumphant expression.

"I haf told you not to trust no more. Scamps! Willians!"

"I know it," she acknowledged, meekly. "Somehow young men always get around me. I can't help it. There was Tompkins—I am sure you believed in him—yet he lowered his trunk out of the window with a cord at night and ran away. Perhaps the police might reclaim the tea-pot," she added, doubtfully.

"Nein," cried Herr Deidesheimer, lapsing into his native tongue, as he often did in moments of excitement.

Then he drew back a pace, put one hand behind him, and, emphasizing his words with the other, stood in an oratorical attitude.

"In Berlin or Wien it might do. Not so here. What is de police of dis city, New York? Ha! I am one rogue, and I gif you half my dollars—you understand? And we are friends—oh, de excellent friends! Do you know why? Because you are one rogue too."

A person less well acquainted with Herr Deidesheimer than was Mrs. Griggs might have been concerned, he looked so very fierce, puffing out his cheeks, and rising on tiptoe as he promulgated these truths.

"For example, in Wien de government—"

"If you please, ma'am, the lady in the front-room says she's been used to more towels," interpolated Katy.

Ungrateful Mrs. Griggs was as glad of the interruption to the subject of German government as Herr Deidesheimer had been anxious to stem the tide of recollection concerning the Van Pelt family. When a foreign subject was thrust thus forcibly upon his conversation, Herr Deidesheimer seldom recovered equilibrium. He now opened his mouth twice, gave it up, and slowly climbed the stairs again.

"What I most mind about this young man is that he stole the tea-pot on my birthday," said Mrs. Griggs, plaintively.

"Your birthday, and you not so young as you once was!" responded her best boarder, with a chuckle, his mirth not being always of the most refined or delicate sort.

"I should think he might take *that* hint. He's been with me ten years, and never gave me the value of my thumb nail," said Mrs. Griggs, indignantly.

"He's as cross as ever he can be," replied Katy, with the familiarity of a trusted servant. "My! how he flared at me this morning because I opened the door, and he was a-doin' something to his old arm-chair, fixing the cover. I'm sure he swore like a sinner, ma'am, only I ain't acquainted with the language."

"Katy, be more respectful."

Katy sniffed, and departed to take accurate measure of the fussy lady in the front-room to see if she would suit. The chamber-maid was a blooming, buxom young woman, with a complexion to be envied in its ruddy fairness, her hair fashionably arranged, and a trim form, apt to blossom out in gay ribbons and sashes. If ever there was a Macchiavelli in petticoats, it was she. Her province was to manage Mrs. Griggs, to sow the discord which would remove those boarders obnoxious to herself, and to trifle with the affections of the grocer at the corner by much apparent languishing in the society of the milkman.

Mrs. Griggs was constantly confiding in the wrong person and being taken by surprise in the routine of life. While she gleaned a thread from the faded parlor carpet, the cook might be giving the remains of yesterday's dinner to a needy relative through the area railings. The *bête noire* of her existence was the rent. She felt herself cast into a tread-mill by poverty, from which there was no escape. Once in three months the inexorable wheel of payment revolved, crushing the poor old lady with anxiety and dread.

"It's like a nightmare or an indigestion," she would affirm. "I often think that if I could get ahead enough to buy the house, it would not matter so much about the young men paying regularly."

Ah, but how was this straw caught in the eddy of daily necessity ever "to get ahead?" To own the house was the summit of her ambition. Not that the place was much of a boon to ask of fortune either. It was a roomy, broad mansion, time-stained and shabby, like a Dutchman among a crowd of tall thin Yankees, from the fact that it had allowed itself a little elbow-room on the street in the days when the thoroughfare was fashionable, although fashion had now deserted it altogether. It was home to Mrs. Griggs, and the very walls were dear to her. No. 5 St. Peter's Place was not likely to bound the horizon of her grandson, Leander Bradley, but he was a man, and would make his own way in the world. The delight of her life, the very apple of her eye, was Leander.

The smallest crumb of Buckingham Van Pelt's prosperity never found its way to Mrs. Griggs of St. Peter's Place, yet the contemplation of his glory from a respectful distance did her all the good in the world. She even told the grocer at the corner about him, and to the boarders his name was a household word.

"Only to think of Valentine's Day coming around once more, and the years flying past like a dream!" she soliloquized, diving into basement regions. "I remember when I received Cupids and hearts like other girls."

If the truth must be told, Mrs. Griggs occupied the front basement, an apartment not easily rented, with an earthy odor about it, and the unpleasant peculiarity that passing vehicles seemed to roll directly overhead. Here had she set up her Lares and Penates among potato barrels and coal-scuttles, so to speak. A portrait of the late Solomon Griggs hung on the wall above a bureau quaintly carved and embossed with brass, on which was placed a bouquet of wax-flowers, the work of Mrs. Griggs's fingers in the days of maiden idleness. Moreover, a dingy sampler (also framed) on the wall announced in crooked letters that

> "Sophronia Van Pelt wrought this with her own needle, Anno Domini 1814."

Need it be added that the cherished silver teapot had stood on the bureau, and the latest delinquent boarder in departing had chosen the lower door as a means of sudden egress with his booty? Herr Deidesheimer's opinions on governments or bribery would not bring back the silver tea-pot. Suddenly Mrs. Griggs raised her head and looked out the window. A carriage had paused before the door.

III.—MRS. GRIGGS RECEIVES HER VALENTINE.

Leander Bradley alighted from the carriage, and assisted out a lady. Katy came to her mistress in the basement in a flurry of excitement.

"Lor, ma'am, Mister Leander is sitting in the parlor like company, with the prettiest young lady!"

Mrs. Griggs went to the parlor in a dazed way.

"Here is the best of grandmothers!" cried the young man, with an assumption of gayety.

"Is any thing the matter?" faltered Mrs. Griggs, with a premonitory symptom of weakness in the knees.

"Why, yes, something is the matter," said Leander, with embarrassment, glancing at his companion.

Then the young man blushed and the girl blushed, but presently she uttered a silvery peal of laughter.

"It makes me laugh whenever I think of it. Oh, Leander, it seems absurd, if it is romantic!"

Mrs. Griggs felt her knees strengthened by the merriment.

"Grandmother, this is Alice Van Pelt," began Leander, his eyes still dwelling on the girl's beautiful face.

"Very well, Sir, Alice Van Pelt if you choose," said the other, with a little toss of the head.

"Dear me! and she has come to see me at last. I am glad to meet you," said Mrs. Griggs, smiling a welcome.

At this the girl's bright face clouded suddenly, and her lip quivered like a child's when about to cry.

"Oh, grandmother, you will be very kind and tender with her, I am sure," pleaded Leander, earnestly. "You see, we have been getting married this morning, and her name is now Alice Van Pelt Bradley."

"Oh Lord!" ejaculated Mrs. Griggs, faintly, and this time her limbs took her so wholly by surprise that she collapsed into an arm-chair.

"I am sixteen years old, and Leander is over twenty-two," said the bride, with dignity.

"Is your father—dead?" gasped Mrs. Griggs.

"No," returned Alice, with a hysterical sob, "and he will be dreadfully mad, because I was to be finished in Europe next year. Do you think he will ever get over it?"

A second carriage drew up before the door. The coachman looked disdainfully around, and the horses tossed their manes. The bride screamed and hid her head against Leander's arm; the groom grew white to the lips, but did not falter; and Mrs. Griggs, in her efforts to re-arrange her own head-gear, only succeeded in pushing her false front awry.

With a pompous bearing, and a freezing glance around the faded room, Mr. Van Pelt called at last on his poor relations. Mrs. Griggs murmured some inarticulate welcome, terrified by the expression of the great man's eye.

"Girl, come home!" he commanded, harshly.

"I am married," said Alice, faintly.

"What tomfoolery! Is this your husband? I congratulate you on your choice," sarcastically.

"Say what you will to me, Sir, but you must exercise forbearance with her," interposed Leander, firmly.

"And who will teach me forbearance where my own child is concerned?" said Mr. Van Pelt, furiously.

"I will," said the husband of an hour, with a warning flash in the blue eyes.

Carrie Blackwell had turned State's evidence, thrown her mother into hysterics, and been imprisoned on bread and water by her father for the first time on record.

Mrs. Griggs again collapsed into her arm-chair, circumstances proving altogether too much for her on this eventful day. In confusion of mind and perturbation of spirit, she heard herself and her grandson reviled in every term of reproach available in one language for their wily cunning. She saw Alice turn indignantly from her parent and cling to her lover-husband, and after that Mr. Van Pelt, with a purple countenance, stalked out, surprising Katy on the curb-stone chatting with the dignified coachman.

Then Mrs. Griggs pushed the false front still further awry, went up stairs, and turned the fussy lady out of the best room. The fussy lady had been very discontented, and half minded to leave, but this phase decided her that she wished to remain. There was a clamor of tongues on the landing, to which Mrs. Griggs only responded, solemnly,

"I trust that I know what is due to my own family, and my grandson has brought home his bride."

In this royal fashion did she burn her ships behind her. After that she sought Herr Deidesheimer. This gentleman enjoyed the respectful homage of his neighbors from his reputation of being rich. Reputation enabled the worthy man to live in a very small room on Mrs. Griggs's fourth floor, to pay his board with scrupulous exactness, and beyond that outlay to exercise an economy which was truly ingenious. He was never known to expend a penny on any one, but he took a friendly interest in the affairs of all. In parsimony his neighbors saw only the eccentricities of a rich man, and still hoped to receive a crumb or so from a relaxing mood.

Mrs. Griggs tapped on the door, which opened. Herr Deidesheimer, still wearing his skull-cap, was heating some mysterious compound in a little pot over the gas. The large oak chair was visible, covered with soiled red leather, and studded with brass nails, about which Herr Deidesheimer chose to weave the story that it had once been used by Napoleon Bonaparte, and afterward descended from such estate to a Jew furniture shop, where he had bought it for a song. The landlady told her story with many gasps, and when she had finished Herr Deidesheimer removed the little pot from the gas fixture, placed it on the hearth, where it proved to be glue, and assumed his oratorical attitude.

"In Bavaria" (Herr Deidesheimer said Bawaria) "it is against de law for young ones to marry until dey have earned sufficient money to support demselves. A goot law, dat!"

"So it is," assented Mrs. Griggs. "Only they *are* married, and how had I best act?"

"It is de way you bring dem up in dis country," he continued, vehemently, and certainly taking an unfair advantage of the situation. "Dey haf too much money and candy and liberty when leetle. Ah, dese boys, screaming through de squares; gentlemen's sons play ball over your head, push you aside, make faces if you reprove! Where is de respect for elders in America? 'Get out of de way, old coach, we wish to play.' In Wien when children come to de parks with deir governess or parents, odder children send inviting dem to join in games, first asking permission of de parents. Politeness is dere cultivated. I will see Leander. First I mend dis box, while my glue is hot."

Suiting action to word, Herr Deidesheimer stooped in a frog-like attitude over the hearth, to join bits of wood together, and became absorbingly interested in his task.

"I sail on de 12th of June, by steam-ship *Weser*," he announced, triumphantly.

For ten years had Herr Deidesheimer planned a return to Fatherland, quitted by him in early youth; now he intended to execute the project, and see his beloved Vienna once more. When there, would he stanchly advocate the institutions of the New World? Busiest of men was Herr Deidesheimer, trotting on multifarious errands, buying guide-books, tracing routes one day only to alter them the next. Money could be no object to him, No. 5 St. Peter's Place decided; he never speculated, distrusted national banks, and scorned paper currency. Still, he must have brought a fortune out of the brewing business when he retired. There was a private dinner party that evening in honor of the bride, to which Herr Deidesheimer alone was invited, and Katy waited, respectfully admiring the stranger.

After much voluble conversation with Alice, in which he laid before her his plan of travel, Herr Deidesheimer, punctual as clock-work, went out to his club at nine to play dominoes, drink lager-beer, and discuss wonderful salads.

In the Van Pelt mansion there was darkness and gloom: the daughter was gone, had wrecked the happiness of her parents—a subject not to be lightly dealt with. "I will never forgive them," stormed Mr. Van Pelt. "Leave the idiot to come to her senses in that third-rate boarding-house. I shall not even attempt to buy the fellow off. Do not let me hear of your visiting her, madam."

"She is your only child," sobbed Mrs. Van Pelt.

IV.—HERR DEIDESHEIMER MAKES HIS JOURNEY.

The 11th of June dawned. There had been no reconciliation as yet between the house of Van Pelt and St. Peter's Place, where the young couple were still profoundly engrossed in each other's society, and the novelty of being poor had not worn away for the bride. To all outward appearance Buckingham Van Pelt was as firm as adamant; but there were feminine sappers and miners at work on the fortifications of his obduracy. Mrs. Van Pelt, devotedly attached to her daughter, could not banish the thought of her living in that boarding-house night or day.

To be sure, it was a bad business; but then Leander was respectable, and not an adventurer. So Mrs. Van Pelt sharpened her tools, and drilled galleries and mines, prepared by-and-by to fill them with the gunpowder of public opinion. What would people think if Buckingham Van Pelt allowed his only daughter to starve?

The lady found an unexpected ally. Katy Macchiavelli, capable of managing St. Peter's Place, could not resist the temptation of trying her hand in more fashionable quarters. Katy, demure and trim, took the liberty of calling on Mrs. Van Pelt, met with a gratifying reception, and departed bearer of a note to Alice, with the price of a silk gown in her pocket. After that many notes followed, and Katy's manner toward the milkman became more lofty, while she slighted the grocer altogether.

On this June morning she had brought a letter to the bride, and stood by the window. Herr Deidesheimer darted out of the house, flushed and excited. Himmel! the *Weser* sailed next day, and there was much left to be done.

A gust of wind caught his hat as he reached the crossing, and whirled it into the street. He pursued it, almost clutched it, lost his balance, and fell just as a heavy express wagon came at a furious pace down the street. Katy, at the window, shrieked; Alice covered her eyes with her hands; Mrs. Griggs, white but collected, in the sad emergency, gave directions to have him carried into the parlor.

The *Weser* steamed ready for sea; passengers hurried to and fro; but one had been swept aside out of the busy throng. Only one, and nobody missed him.

At that moment Herr Deidesheimer opened his eyes for the first time. Mrs. Griggs, most tender and faithful of nurses, bent her ear to his lips.

"My arm-chair; I want it."

So the whim was gratified, and the red arm-chair placed beside his couch.

"Witness. I gif it to Mrs. Griggs, a good friend. I haf no relative." He looked at Leander and Alice eagerly.

The *Weser* sailed down the stream, and a shadow darkened the room in St. Peter's Place, where all was now very still. Who may tell that the spirit, true to that life-long instinct of love for Fatherland, may not hover over the heights of Leopoldsberg and Kaalenberg, or linger near the Prater?

Three days later Mrs. Griggs sat contemplating her legacy dolefully.

"Well, really, I don't like to seem ungrateful. There! I shall take the cover off the old thing, any way."

On one side of the seat the brass nails yielded easily to her touch, but Mrs. Griggs was unprepared for the result when she raised the cover.

Lo! in the seat was fitted a large tin box, containing roll after roll of broad, shining gold pieces. Had not Herr Deidesheimer expressed distrust of national banks and contempt of paper currency? She sat on the floor with the gold in her lap, crying and laughing deliriously. She could start Leander in the world. She might—

But stay, heiress of St. Peter's place: Buckingham Van Pelt is driving down town in state, to take the young people home.

Mrs. Griggs bought the house; Katy climbed the ladder to the post of lady's-maid in the Van Pelt mansion, with ultimate designs on the dignified coachman; and afterward lodgers were more permanent than boarders had been on the east side.

The old arm-chair occupied a favorite nook. Mrs. Griggs never returned the two calls of Buckingham Van Pelt: their first interview cured her of hero worship. However, Leander and his wife often visit the shabby scene of their honey-moon.

CONFEDERATES AND ULTRAMONTANES.

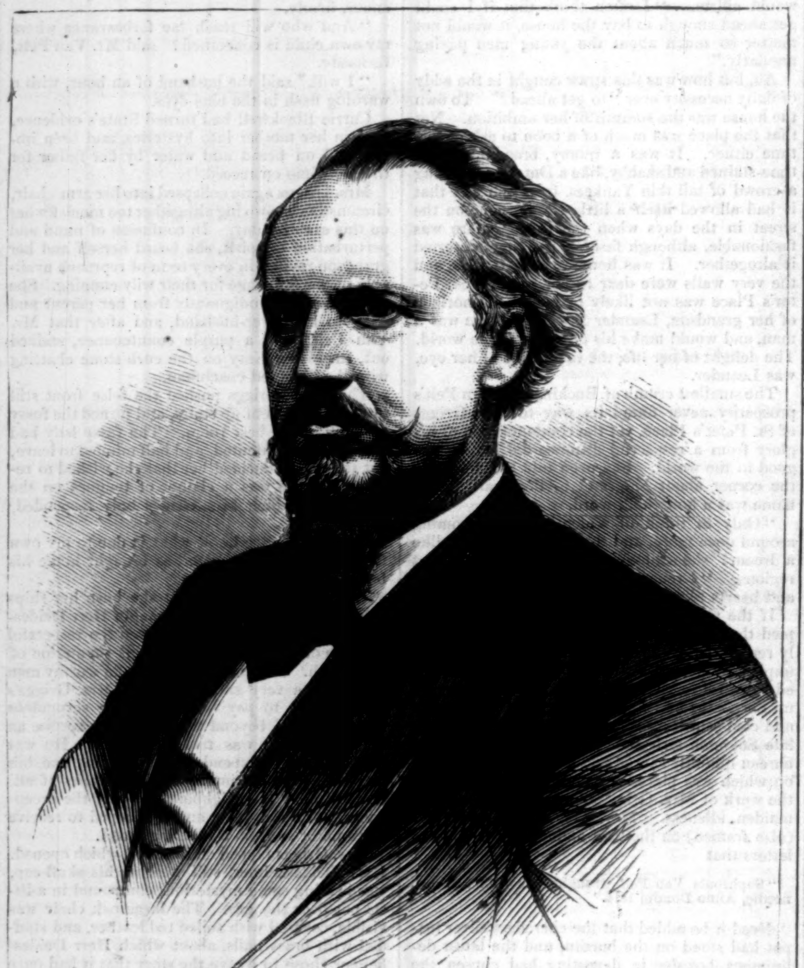
HON. F. M. COCKRELL.

The Confederate general, Francis M. Cockrell, who has recently been elected Senator from Missouri in the place of Mr. Carl Schurz, was an active leader in all those rebellious raids at Lexington, Springfield, and Pea Ridge which have left painful memories in the minds of most patriotic citizens. When the rebels were driven out of the State he joined the insurgents in Mississippi. There he is said to have distinguished himself at the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg, etc., and would have received the post of major-general had not his career been suddenly brought to a close by the victories of General Grant. He was born in 1834, and is a lawyer. He is said "to have accepted the issue of the rebellion in good faith." Having done what he could to destroy the prosperity of his country and State, it will require no short period of probation to convince the people of the sincerity of his repentance. They will probably think that the noted rebel and raider had better have been left in modest retirement at home. Under a Republican rule, Missouri and St. Louis have grown with wonderful strides; under a Confederate and ultramontane one, immigration, capital, and good order will probably fly from the imprudent State, the common schools perish, and knowledge decay. One of the first acts of the new Democratic Legislature has been to assail the common-school system.

The election of Confederate generals and ultramontane Democrats to the national Senate and House of Representatives, and the possibility that both those bodies may at last fall under the control of the two elements in our political life least favorable to the perpetuation of freedom and of human equality, must soon arrest the attention of all the people. The union of ultramontanism and rebellion during the civil war was perfectly plain to all who cared to see it. Year after year the great centres of our ultramontane and foreign population gave large votes, and often extraordinary majorities, for the opponents of the Union policy and the friends of slavery. The Democratic leaders of that moment of danger, who were eagerly demanding a compromise with the slave aristocracy and the impeachment of Lincoln and Grant, and their associates, the ultramontane chiefs of Tammany Hall, were always sure of the support of the whole body of the Irish Catholic population, and as many of the Germans as had not yet learned the peril of trusting to their priestly guides. No one, we think, will venture to deny that the great majority, or nearly all, of what is known as the infallibilist faction in the Roman Catholic Church during all the rebellion lent its influence and its votes to embarrass the Union government, depress the national credit, defame the national defenders; that it formed a close league with the Democratic party, and composed at various times nearly all its strength; that it was a purely ultramontane faction, which in the dangerous years of 1863–64 filled the half-rebellious meetings in New York, sent its least reputable members to Congress, ruled in Tammany Hall, and governed the press that fostered the dying hopes of the Confederates. And this natural union between the two not dissimilar political tendencies has continued from the close of the rebellion to ripen into a still closer connection. The party among us which is desirous of enforcing a spiritual tyranny has become the inseparable ally of the party that desires the perpetuation of slavery or a war of races. Wherever a Confederate general or a rebel sympathizer is a candidate for office, he is certain of the support of the whole body of the ultramontanes; wherever a Vatican extremist appears in politics, it is always as the representative of the foreign Democracy.

Between the Republican party and the ultramontanes there is a necessary hostility. The Republican party represents the principles of progress, of popular rights, equality, universal education. It assails all castes, whether of sect, class, or color. It crushed the rebellious aristocracy of the South, and it would suppress forever every attempt to revive the odious distinctions among us that in all past ages have made the working-men the prey of their rulers. What the Republican party labors for chiefly is to give equal rights to all, to shield the humblest from the tyranny of the powerful, whether spiritual or physical, to secure the lives and property of the poor negroes of Shreveport as effectually as those of the occupants of broad lands in the North, to establish the sanctity of human life in all parts of the Union, and lift the whole country to the front rank of civilized nations. But to all these motives the ultramontane is necessarily a stranger. His first aim must ever be the advancement of that foreign Church to which, if he is sincere, all his homage and devotion are due. If he would not incur the pains of excommunication, he must labor wholly to subject his country to the control of his foreign master. He must denounce and decry religious toleration, popular education, modern civilization, the press, the school. Had he the power he would suppress every printing establishment that did not teach the doctrine of infallibility, and every publishing house that would not accept a censorship by priests or nuns. Before the advancement of his Church and an implicit obedience to the policy of the Vatican all other motives sink into insignificance. He must link himself with that party in politics only which is subservient to his spiritual superiors, which is willing to check popular progress, to decry with them popular education, to speak tenderly of the "old Church," and forget the perils it threatens to freedom, and the lessons of cruelty it has ever taught. To the rigid ultramontane, therefore, human life loses its sanctity, moral and personal qualities are as nothing; he knows no remorse at crimes for which other men weep, he sees no wrong in political acts where common-sense points out an abyss of infamy, because they have all tended to help the progress of his faith. And hence he could look without a blush or tear upon the enormities of the slave-holders, and sanction the rebellion because it seemed to offer his Church political preponderance in the nation; he would gladly have seen slavery conquer freedom, because freedom was odious to his superiors at Rome. And all through the war for union, with some generous exceptions, the papal hosts thronged to the polls to vote defeat to Grant and death to Lincoln.

Much of that indifference to the value of human life which leads many of our opposition leaders to hear almost without a humane regret the story of Vicksburg or Coushatta, the violence of the White League, the sufferings of their victims, may be traced to the influence of ultramontanism in our national politics. Our foreign leaders come to us instructed only in the papal policy which has never spared an opponent or hesitated at violent measures. It is by force that the ultramontanes of Europe have always ruled, and it is by force that they would rule among us. In Europe they scoff at the whole theory of popular sovereignty, and are every where the sycophants and the adherents of princes and nobles. Rome labors to overthrow republicanism in France, to restore a Bourbon in Spain, to destroy German unity, and renew its multitude of divided principalities, to establish fresh despotisms in Italy, and hold England in perpetual alarm. Nor does it regard human life as of any weight when balanced against the interests of its Church. And something of the same coldness to human suffering may be traced in the conduct of its leaders in the New World. What do they care for the spread of that habit of violence which has already tainted the sources of our civilization, so long as the interests of the Papal Church are profited? What does the immense throng of ultramontane voters among us know of that practical equality which has already made our country the home of patient labor? It is to them a mystery and an intangible vision. Ignorant, neglected, oppressed, they have been too long accustomed in Europe to a servile obedience to some hereditary chief, to an abject superstition, and deeds of violence and cruelty, to have formed any conception of the duties of a citizen or the claims of self-respect. They follow in great masses their hereditary leaders in our elections, obey the mandates of Rome, and strike with blind zeal at the defenses of freedom. To them and their leaders the fate of hecatombs of colored or white Republicans in Louisiana or Georgia would awaken no thrill of sympathy or of pity if their spiritual hopes depended on it, if they could feel in the secret recesses of their hearts that the Roman prelates demanded the triumph of the Democracy and the persecution of the Republicans. And this stolid, unreasoning, united, and formidable portion of our people must in future form an ultramontane party among us as plainly defined in all its objects as that of Italy or Germany, laboring to reconstruct our national government in accordance with the rules of the Syllabus and the Council, and tearing the breast which has given it a shelter.



THE HON. FRANCIS M. COCKRELL.—[Phot. by J. C. Downing & Co., Jefferson City, Mo.]

It is with no other design than that of shielding them from the effects of their own blindness that we are led to paint so candidly the danger to the republic of the policy of the ultramontanes; for should this religious party succeed in undermining the chief foundations of freedom, what have they to offer in its place? They have nothing but the perishing or lost institutions of Italy and France, new despotisms and new anarchy. It would no doubt have suited them well to have restored the slave aristocracy at the South, and to have left the whole of the vast territory of freedom from ocean to ocean subject to their allies, and governed by principles not dissimilar to their own. They would have had no objection to have seen the fugitive slave still hunted through cities and forests, and the slave-ships drop down the silent Mississippi at the Centennial of 1876. What they have ever demanded is political power, and this is what it seems to us the people should persistently deny them. To prevent religion from becoming an element in our political contests for all ages the founders of the republic labored earnestly and, as they hoped, successfully. They excluded the very name of a religious sect from the Constitution and the laws; a rigid impartiality was to be observed toward every creed; severe restrictions were laid by the Constitutions of several States upon the accumulation of property by religious bodies; the principle of popular representation was enforced in all religious corporations; and the restriction was firmly maintained that every sect must submit to the rules of the State. All the religious denominations save one consented. They threw off all connection with their foreign guides, and yielded every thing but their faith to the requirements of freedom. But the Roman Catholic body stood aloof and alien to the general movement of the nation. Nor would it ever sever its connection with Rome, or give in its unhesitating allegiance to freedom. Yet so mild and humble were its first requirements in the opening of the present century, when an ultramontane faction had almost ceased to exist, and Jesuitism seemed suppressed forever, that no danger to the republic was looked for from the obscure sect. No statesman of 1787 or even of 1815 could have foreseen that within fifty or sixty years Romanism would rise to be a great political power in the state; would control elections, elect Governors and Senators; would nearly shatter the nation in two hostile fragments by its injudicious or premeditated policy; would place in office a class of men more corrupt than had ever been known before—thieves and public robbers and their allies; would demand boldly the suppression of the American system of education, which had fostered republicanism, and the creation of a class of schools that should educate traitors at the public expense; should sink into the tool of a Pope claiming infallibility and a supreme temporal power, and resolute by his own declarations to destroy transatlantic freedom; should enter upon a close alliance with the fallen fragments of the Southern oligarchy, the White Leaguers and the tyrants of every form, and aim to place in the Presidential chair in 1876 a candidate secretly or openly the enemy of human equality and the rule of the people. These dangers our ancestors could not have foreseen; they have come upon us by no fault of theirs. Yet, if we desire to preserve the republic of our fathers, the last refuge of popular equality and human freedom, we must drive from power the whole formidable league of Confederates and ultramontanes. The priests who have made Mexico or South America centres of anarchy and the enemies of popular equality at the South are laboring together for our destruction. If they succeed it will be our own fault.

Eugene Lawrence.

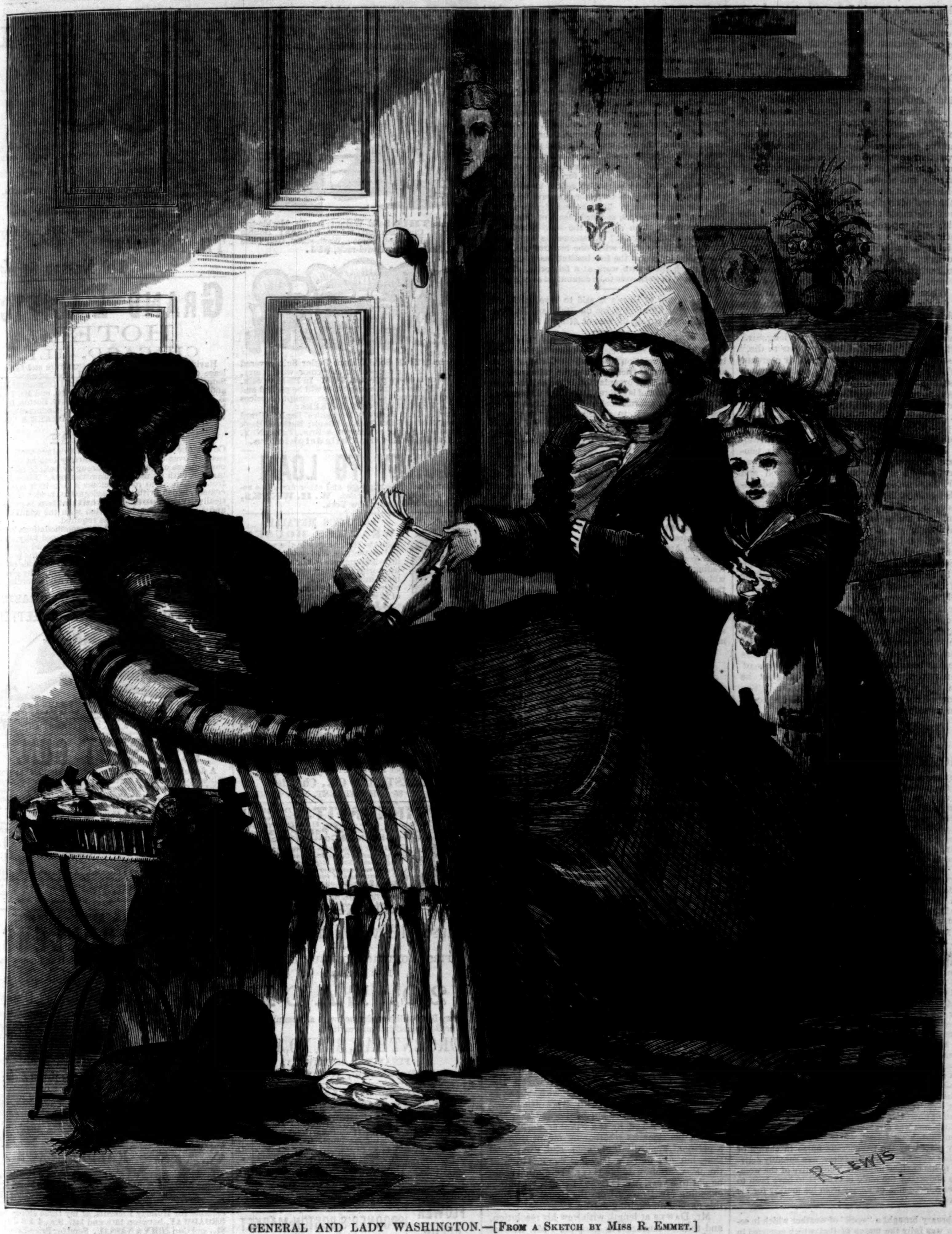
WASHINGTON.

A tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed young man of seventeen, Washington in the year 1748 plunged into the wild forests on the slopes of the Alleghanies to win his living as Lord Fairfax's surveyor, and to prepare himself unconsciously for the command of armies and the control of men. His mother, a widow, comparatively poor, could give him only a plain education. He was trained at a country school, and learned little, but that little well. He knew no Latin, Greek, nor French, nor ever cared to acquire them; his spelling was bad, and he only slowly learned to correct it; it is not likely that he was familiar with any eminent writers, or had ever leisure to cultivate pure literature. Once, indeed, at seventeen, when wandering in the wild woods, he had fallen in love with a rustic maid, whom he celebrated in plaintive strains as the "lowland beauty." But it is not likely that his calm and rational nature was ever disturbed by ardent visions of future fame, or by the passion for world-wide renown, or that the young and gallant surveyor ever fancied that he should rise beyond an easy competence and a planter's home. But one trait he possessed that may well serve as the guide of the young generations of his countrymen, and he who would excel or rise to fortune may study diligently the character of Washington. He was resolved to do all things well. Order, method, regularity, he acquired at thirteen. His boyish copy-books and drawings are wonderfully exact. His handwriting is admirable; he learned enough mathematics for the practical business of surveying; and, what was perhaps of more importance, laid down those rules of conduct which ever after preserved for him a pure and honest life.

Yet his true school was the stern unbroken wilderness, in which he wandered with an apparent delight, sleeping on the bare earth or under the leafy hut; enduring cold, privation, hunger; clad in the coarse garb of the pioneer, and mingling with the rude foresters who were laying the foundations of future States; crossing the frozen rivers on dangerous rafts; piercing the deepest recesses of the wild wood, and sometimes watching with strange interest the war-dances of the savages. And from this incessant communion with nature he learned that manly frankness and simplicity which never left him in all the varied employments of his political career. Unlike the scholastic Adamses or the practical Franklin, he was the child of the forest and of solitude. Sometimes, indeed, he mingled with the polished society of Belvoir or Mount Vernon, and gained an acquaintance with the formal manners of his time. Yet he was soon called away to the frontier, and traveled five hundred miles with a small party, to the banks of the Ohio, in the depth of winter, partly on foot, with his rifle and his knapsack, to warn away the French, who had trespassed on the British territory. Through rain and snow, over morasses and tangled thickets, having sent off their horses, the party moved slowly onward. A treacherous Indian pointed his musket at them, and fired: the fate of the New World was nearly changed; they seized him, disarmed, and dismissed him to the forest. He visited Queen Aliquipa, an Indian princess, who ruled over the banks of the broad Monongahela, where now powerful cities have sprung up on all sides, and at length returned safely to Williamsburg.

From this time for many years Washington was engaged in all the perils of a frontier war. At twenty-three he was placed in command of all the forces of the colony. He fought with Braddock, and saved Virginia from desolation. His reputation had reached England, and already the young surveyor, who six years before had painfully laid out the slopes of the Alleghanies in plots and sections, had acquired that careful knowledge of military tactics which was to enable him to construct the army of freedom and lead it on to victory. His patience, silence, resolution, foresight, which had been tested amidst wintry journeys in the wilderness, in the contest with stealthy savages and rigorous nature, shone out from the darkest hours of the war, when, amidst calumny, distrust, and universal despair, he crossed the icy Delaware, defied the terrors of winter, and struck the sleeping foe.

At twenty-six he married a fair widow three months younger than himself; her fortune was large, her disposition amiable; and Washington tasted for a time those pleasures of ease and rest which he was never long to know. At Mount Vernon he practiced farming and a liberal hospitality, which he would never omit even in the midst of the war. A favorite of fortune, his mind was clear and ever rational, except at rare intervals when some strong outbreak of an impetuous temper ruled him for a moment; his health, usually good, was yet not seldom broken by disease. His elder brother died of a pulmonary complaint, from which the younger seems to have been not altogether free. In his diary he complains often of severe colds. Yet his figure was tall, robust, dignified, his countenance the index of his generous and manly disposition. His love of method and order never deserted him; his life was one long course of education; he never ceased to learn, and became slowly a



GENERAL AND LADY WASHINGTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MISS R. EMMET.]

fine writer, a philosopher, law-giver, always expressing his opinions with modesty, yet always wiser than his contemporaries. So well-ordered and methodical an intellect could not fail to become a republican, and the young pioneer who had been educated in the forest never ceased to love freedom. He modestly accepted the command of the army of the country when liberty seemed about to perish, left the pleasures of a happy home, ease, competence, honor, to assume a perilous and comfortless position, bore with rare composure reverses, mortifications, calumny, suspicion, treachery, hate; persisted in the work he had undertaken with methodical accuracy; assumed the cause of the people, and conquered. Rival politicians or commanders denounced him with envious bitterness; his virtues were travestied or denied. Even Congress sometimes lost confidence in WASHINGTON, and SAMUEL ADAMS, the chief champion of independence, questioned his courage and his skill. Every Tory firmly believed him to be a coward. But almost suddenly a splendid success broke in upon his plans, and the country was free.

Never more difficult task came to any people than the reconstruction of the fallen government at the close of the Revolution. All was anarchy, confusion, jealousy, rage. The army murmured, the people were divided, the States refused to pay their taxes, the country was bankrupt, and again freedom seemed lost. It is safe to say that the Union grew in great part out of the wise influence of WASHINGTON and the prevalence of his pure and spotless fame, and that but for his incessant labors the dayspring of freedom must have faded in its dawn. He presided over the formation of the Constitution, which made one nation of the divided colonies; he insisted that there should be a supreme and national government. He would have nothing but a pure republic in the New World, in which neither sect, creed, nor caste should long prevail. Whatever might have been the opinions of persons around him, WASHINGTON remained always true to his love of freedom: he would do nothing without consulting the wishes of the people. For them he had fought, endured, conquered; it was always their will that he strove to execute. As general-in-chief he had shown no tolerance to the Tories, "those pests of society," as he called them; as President he sternly repressed rebellion. He made the government of the people supreme in every part of their domain, and taught his countrymen obedience to the law. Against foreign intrigues he warned them ceaselessly; and it is easy to see how indignantly WASHINGTON would have repelled the claim of a Roman prelate to change American law at will. Ultramontanism and rebellion would have found no more decided opponent. Be always, above all things, Americans, he said in effect to his countrymen. "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens," he exclaims, "the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake." Toleration, generosity, humanity, marked all his conduct; he always labored to soothe and to persuade; yet no man was firmer in the expression of his convictions or more resolute in applying them. Of slavery he showed his opinion by emancipating all his own slaves by his will and providing for their education and maintenance. And he expressly declared that none of his slaves should be sold out of Virginia, as if to discountenance that internal traffic in men and women which was already beginning to prevail. Some one offered at the close of the war, in the name of the discontented army, to make WASHINGTON king: he received a stern and memorable rebuke. To save the Constitution and gratify his friends he consented to serve a second term as President, and then returned gladly to Mount Vernon. No man was more bitterly calumniated, none more sincerely beloved. Like LINCOLN and GRANT, the rage of his enemies pursued him incessantly; he was called tyrant, usurper; it was believed that he was meditating a despotism. He was made to bear the reproach of all the errors of his friends and all the folly of violent partisans. The French faction covered him with abuse; he was the scoff of rival politicians. Yet he ever remained the modest unchanging servant of the people; and the people, though sometimes shaken in their allegiance, never failed to own at last his faithful services. His death came suddenly upon the country, in 1799, like its own sentence of doom, and men feared that the nation must fall with him. A slight cold carried him away swiftly. When very ill he apologized to his attendants for the trouble he gave them. Just before he died he said to his physician, "Doctor, what is the clock? How long am I to remain in this situation?" The doctor replied, "Not long, Sir." He then said, "Doctor, I have no fear to die," and soon passed away without a sigh or a groan.

Of all modern statesmen he is the purest, the wisest, the most fortunate. His name has become the symbol of unsullied patriotism. In an age of public virtue he stood plainly the first of men. The fair, tall, blue-eyed young surveyor who plunged with enthusiasm into the wild scenery of the Alleghanies, poor, uneducated, resolute, laborious, became the father of his people and the model of all coming ages. It was his capacity for organization, his method and order, that enabled him to form his divided, enfeebled country into a single nation, to foster it in its early weakness, to enforce the necessity of union, repel the approach of disorder, preserve it from foreign and domestic foes. Scarcely, indeed, could it be supposed that the frail republic, threatened on all sides by powerful enemies, the prey of French intrigues and of English gold, torn by fierce internal struggles, composed of the least harmonious elements, poor, bankrupt, divided, would spread within a century from ocean to ocean, and change the destiny of man, that the love of union would become its guiding principle, and all its varied population should never cease to be a single people. Nor can it be doubted that of all the triumphs of freedom a ceaseless cause has been the merits and the counsels of WASHINGTON. Education, virtue, religion, he made the foundations of his republic. The shadow of his great name will infold his country in its safe shelter forever.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TIME wears on, and yet no certain knowledge comes as to the fate of little Charley Ross, whose name has been so often mentioned in every household in the country. Almost every week there are rumors of a boy discovered somewhere answering the description of the lost Charley. But in every case investigation proves that, although the resemblance may be striking, it is not the missing child who strangely disappeared last July. Yet the general search which has been instituted has brought to light some hidden things, revealed some mysteries, and discovered some evil-doers, as well as some other long-missing children. About seven months ago a mother living in New York city desired to remove her child from the nurse under whose charge he had been placed about two years previous. The board had been regularly paid, and when the mother was so situated that she could take care of her child herself, she claimed him. But the nurse refused to deliver him up, and when legal proceedings were instituted she declared that the child in question had died, and the one she had was another one. The court decided that the boy should be delivered to the mother; but by means of a forged order the nurse obtained possession of him from the parties who had charge of him during the progress of the trial. Search was at once made; but the nurse, with her helpless charge, had fled to Canada, thence she was traced to Buffalo, thence to Saratoga, and then again she was lost in the thronging crowds of New York city. A detective at length discovered the woman in Jersey City; but no child was with her, nor could he discover the hiding-place of the boy, or, at the time, bring definite proof of abduction against the woman. Constant watchfulness, however, brought success, and the little one was discovered in a miserable shanty in Greenpoint, Long Island, where he had been temporarily placed by the treacherous nurse in charge of another woman. The little fellow was speedily delivered to his anxious mother. The motive of the woman in abducting the child is believed to have been to secure a large sum of money from his mother for his return.

February brought a "spell" of weather which in severity was fully the match of that which occurred in January. Another ice bridge was formed across the East River, although it was not quite so well patronized as was the January bridge. Between Staten Island and the Jersey shore there was an ice bridge, perfectly secure for horses and vehicles as well as for pedestrians, and good use was made of it. For the first time in many years—since 1835, it is said—the Hudson River was bridged over opposite this city, and many persons walked across from New York to Hoboken, and returned, before the ice broke up. Boats were frozen up in the bay, and many vessels were prevented from entering the harbor on account of the ice. In fact, that mythical individual, "the oldest inhabitant," scarcely remembers such a severe winter as this has been.

Reports from the famine-stricken districts of Asia Minor are distressing. A correspondent of the London *Times* says "that the misery every where is nothing less than dreadful. At Cæsarea no less than 1000 families are preserved day by day by the charity doled out to them. In one village at least 300 persons have died of hunger; in another one-third of the entire population have perished; while in a third case 406 deaths from want are reported. Many other cases of a similarly distressing character might be cited, and as the funds of the Central Relief Committee are almost exhausted, it is believed that unless the government acts in a still more liberal spirit, thousands will have succumbed before the winter is over."

The St. Louis *Republican* tells a story of certain ice-dealers in that city, who not long ago went to the soup-house and engaged thirty stout fellows to cut ice for them, promising to pay them, each, $1 50 a day as long as the weather was favorable for the work. The car fare of the men was paid to the river, where tools were ready to be used. But, when there, the men looked about, rubbed their hands, and said it was cold. After standing in sulky groups for a few minutes, twenty-eight of them started to return to town on foot, throwing out hints that money should be given for their car fare back. They lodged nightly at the House of the Homeless, and had plenty of bread and soup furnished them daily at the soup-house, and what more could they ask? Arrangements were afterward made, however, to select one hundred and fifty able-bodied lodgers at the free institutions of the city and furnish them with work at a fair price. Those who refused to work were to be committed as vagrants.

The Emperor of Russia is said to have purchased the palace at Kensington for the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, paying the sum of £780,000 for it.

The forty-eighth annual report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, just issued, gives much interesting information in regard to Christian work among the poor, the friendless, and the unfortunate in our great city. This organization is the oldest of the kind in the city, and is designed to aid the discouraged in the work of reformation, to bring children to day and Sunday schools, to establish prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, and places of public worship, and to give sympathy and help to such as may require them. It not only sustains preaching services and Sunday-schools, but reading-rooms and lectures and social entertainments for the people. It has erected a new mission station at No. 63 Second Street, known as Olivet Chapel, at a cost of $20,000, and has also purchased three other houses for missionary purposes. Recently a building in the Bowery, near Grand Street, has been leased and fitted up as a mission station, where the preaching of the Gospel and other religious and moral services are regularly maintained. The Young Men's Christian Association, which shares in the labor and expense of this undertaking, sustains a coffee-room, reading-room, and lodging-house. This is a work in which all Christians have warmly sympathized. Among the various items in the statistical returns of the operations of the City Mission during the last year, we notice 1255 temperance pledges, 329 persons united with churches, 60,227 missionary visits, and 1500 families aided at their homes, and also employment given to many men and women.

"A TALE OF ANXIETY."

DURING an exciting debate on the Civil Rights Bill in the House of Representatives on the 4th of February, Mr. JOHN YOUNG BROWN, of Kentucky, created a lively sensation by a savage personal attack on General BUTLER. In the course of his speech he said:

"In Scotland years ago there was a man whose trade was murder, and he earned his livelihood by selling the bodies of his victims for gold. He linked his name to his crime, and to-day throughout the world it is known as 'Burking.'"

Then followed a sharp colloquy between the Speaker of the House and Mr. BROWN.

THE SPEAKER. "Does the chair understand the gentleman to be referring in this language to a member of the House?"

MR. BROWN. "No, Sir. I am describing a character who is in my mind's eye."

THE SPEAKER. "The chair understood the gentleman to refer to a member of the House."

MR. BROWN. "No, Sir. I call no names. This man's name was linked to his crime, and to-day throughout the world it is known as 'Burking.' If I was to desire to express all that was pusillanimous in war, inhuman in peace, forbidding in morals, and infamous in politics, I should call it 'Butlerizing.'" (Sensation.)

THE SPEAKER (*interrupting*). "The gentleman did not deal in good faith with the chair. He did not answer in good faith the question addressed to him."

Judge HALE, of New York, asked that the words be taken down, and while the reporters were writing them out from their notes he prepared a resolution of censure, in which Mr. BROWN was charged not only with unparliamentary language, but with "prevarication." The latter charge arose out of the fact that Mr. BROWN was asked by the Speaker during one part of his remarks whether he meant to make a personal application of them, and disclaimed that, but did make a personal denunciation at the close. Before Judge HALE's resolution could be put to a vote, Mr. DAWES offered a resolution expelling Mr. BROWN from the House, and upon this ensued an exciting debate.

Mr. DAWES at length withdrew his resolution, and that of censure was adopted. Mr. BROWN accordingly appeared at the bar of the House, and, amidst dead silence, received the Speaker's reproof. At the close Mr. BROWN said he accepted the reproof, and had meant no disrespect—to the House, pausing a moment before he uttered the last three words. The cooler Democratic members have frequently been annoyed by the lack of discretion and self-control exhibited by this fiery young Kentuckian, and, as Mr. NAST intimates in our first-page cartoon, would be glad to hold him back.

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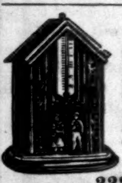

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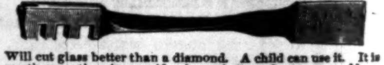

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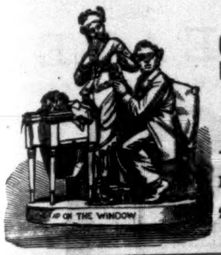

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And will distribute to the Ticket-holders
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1	" " "		25,000
1	" " "		15,000
1	" " "		10,000
1	" " "		5,000
1	" " "		2,500
1	" " "		1,500
10	" " "	$500 each..	5,000
20	" " "	250 " ..	5,000
30	" " "	150 " ..	4,500
50	" " "	100 " ..	5,000
100	" " "	50 " ..	5,000
100	" " "	25 " ..	2,500
200	" " "	20 " ..	4,000
500	" " "	10 " ..	5,000
1,000	" " "	5 " ..	5,000
1,500	" " "	2½ " ..	3,750
46,250	" " "	1 " ..	46,250
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At a meeting of the Trustees of the Public Library of Kentucky, Jan. 16, 1875, it was resolved that C. M. Briggs, Esq., who under the late Hon. Tho. E. Bramlette, was the real business manager of the gift concerts already given in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky, be and he is hereby authorized to take the place made vacant by the death of said Bramlette, in the management of the affairs of the fifth and last gift concert, and that the drawing announced for Feb. 27, 1875, shall positively and unequivocally take place on that day without any further postponement or delay on any account whatever.

R. T. DURRETT, Pres.
JOHN S. CAIN, Secretary.

Hereafter all communications relating to the Fifth Concert should be addressed to the undersigned, and I pledge myself that the drawing shall come off February 27th, or that every dollar paid for tickets shall be returned.

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Room 4, Public Library Building,
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OF THE

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.
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Assets, January 1, 1874, at cost		$4,284,068 00
RECEIPTS.		
Premiums received	$933,115 12	
Interest received and accrued	292,966 59	$1,226,081 71
		$5,510,149 71
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses and Endowments	$268,318 00	
Dividends allowed to reduce payments	274,389 39	
Surrendered and Canceled Policies	96,902 65	
Re-insurance, &c.	17,859 49	
Commissions, Salaries, &c.	125,966 46	
Taxes, Advertising, &c.	42,915 15	
		$826,351 14
Assets at cost		$4,683,798 57
Assets at market value		$4,875,563 34

ASSETS.

		Market Value.	
$253,000	United States loans	$297,885 75	
190,000	Philadelphia city 6 per cent. loan, no tax	198,550 00	
59,000	Harrisburg city 6 per cent. bonds	54,870 00	
9,000	Pittsburgh city 6 per cent. loan	8,100 00	
26,000	Allegheny Co. 6 per cent. loan	23,400 00	
12,000	Allegheny Co. 5 per cent. loan, no tax	9,000 00	
50,000	Louisville city 7 per cent. bonds	50,000 00	
10,000	Louisville city 6 per cent. loan	9,000 00	
30,000	Saint Louis city 6 per cent. loan	27,000 00	
30,000	Canton city 10 per cent. water bonds	31,500 00	
100,000	Pennsylvania R. R. 6 per cent. gen'l mort. reg. bonds	99,000 00	
50,000	Reading R. R. 7 per cent. mort. bo'ds, 1911	51,875 00	
50,000	Reading R. R. 7 per cent. mort. bo'ds, 1893	53,000 00	
50,000	Lehigh Valley R. R. 7 per cent. bonds	53,500 00	
50,000	U. Canal and Railroad 6 per cent. bonds	51,250 00	
75,000	West Chester R. R. 7 per cent. bonds	78,750 00	
100,000	No. Penn. R. R. 7 per cent. bonds	104,000 00	
60,000	Susqueh'na Canal Priority 6 per ct. bonds	51,000 00	
25,000	American S. S. Co. 6 per cent. bonds	19,750 00	
109,000	Masonic 7 3-10 per ct. loan	113,360 00	
500	Shares Northern Central R. R. Stock	16,750 00	
	National Bank Stock	57,057 00	
250	Shares Delaware Mutual Safety Ins.	6,500 00	
212	Shares Girard Life Ins. Annuity & Trust Co. Stock	8,904 00	
76	Shares Bank of North America Stock	19,380 00	
			$1,493,381 75
	Mortgages, all first liens		1,926,898 50
	Premium notes secured by Policies		646,552 85
	Loans on Collaterals, &c.		70,544 54
	Balances in hands of agents		15,437 04
	Premiums on policies not reported		58,424 16
	Deferred payments on policies in force—due in 1875		38,996 50
	Scrip dividends purchased		208,156 33
	Interest due and accrued on loans		67,882 58
	Cash on hand and in trust companies		90,501 17
	Real estate owned by the Company		251,075 16
	Furniture at home office and agencies		12,711 86
			$4,875,563 34

LIABILITIES.

Death Losses, &c., not yet due	$92,500 00	
Re-insurance Reserve, 4 per cent. Actuary's Table	3,915,806 00	
Scrip Dividends outstanding	256,770 00	$4,265,136 00
Surplus for Policy-holders, 4 pr. ct. basis		$610,427 34
Number of policies in force		8,226
Amount at Risk		$24,517,115 00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
SAM'L E. STOKES, Vice-President.
H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice-President.
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And at a meeting, held on the 19th instant, it was resolved from the undivided surplus to apportion to each participating policy-holder his share of dividend upon the contribution plan, available only in reduction of premium when the next annual payment falls due.

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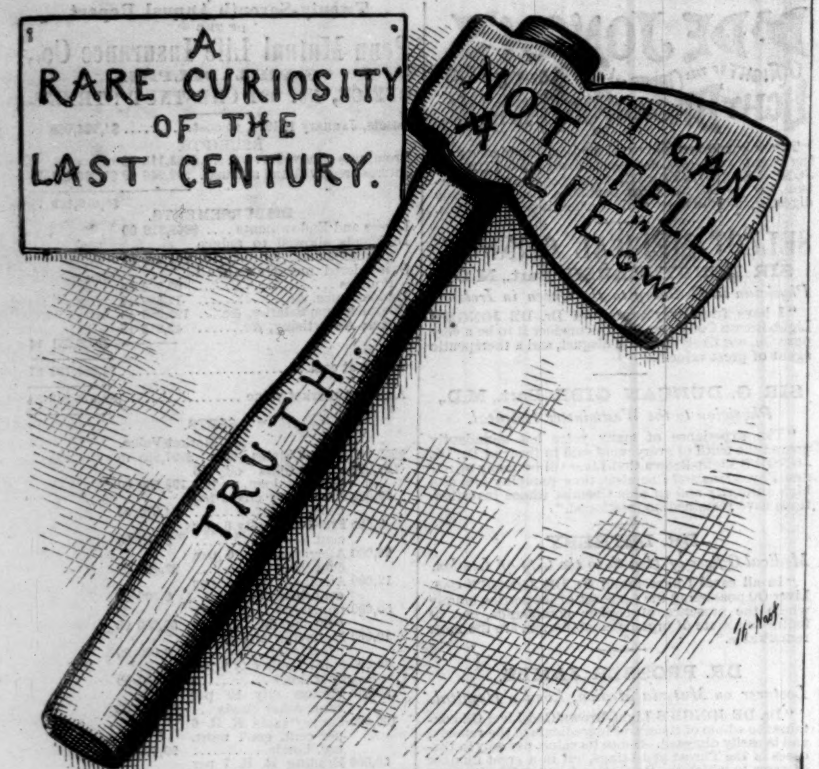
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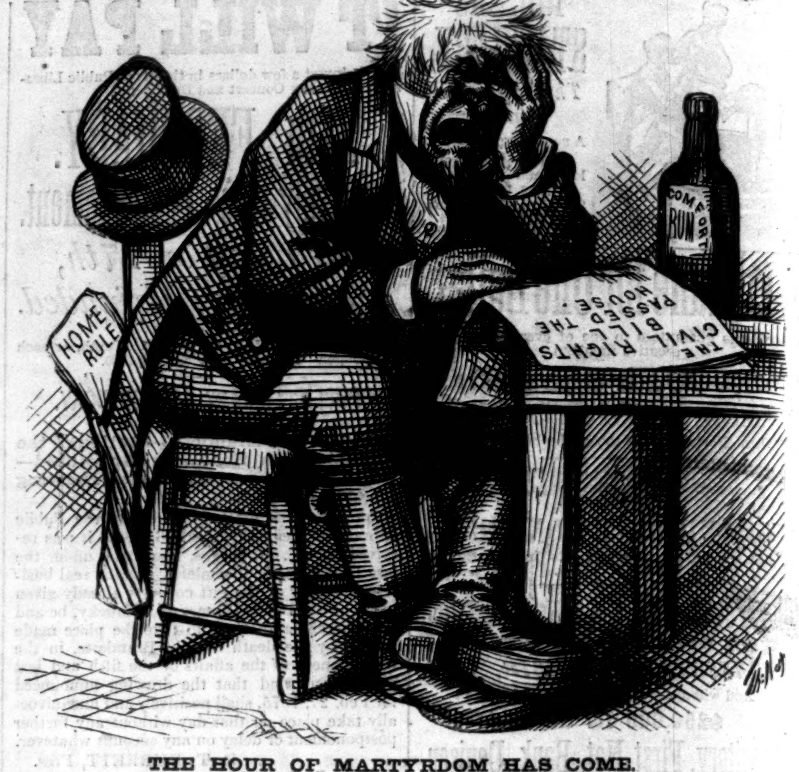
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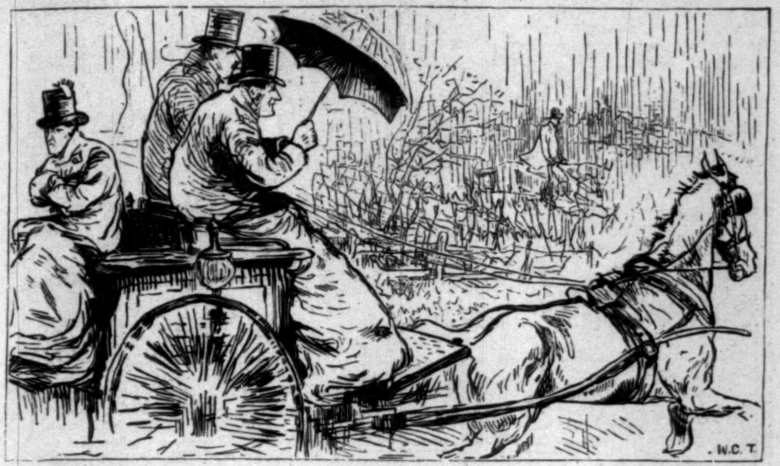
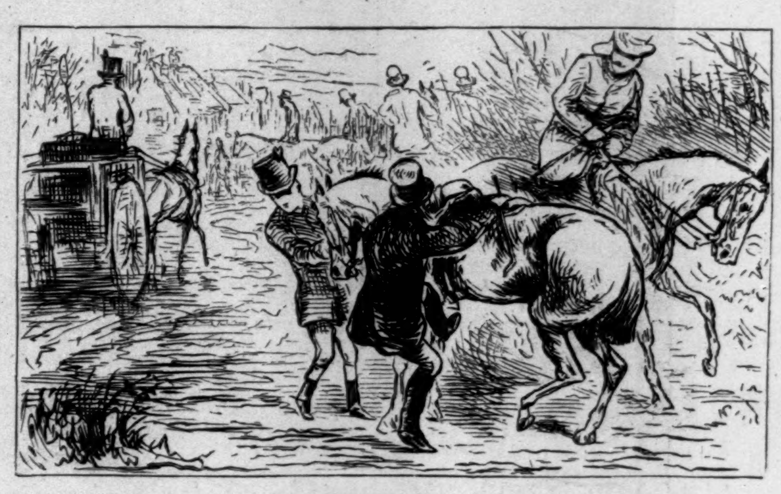
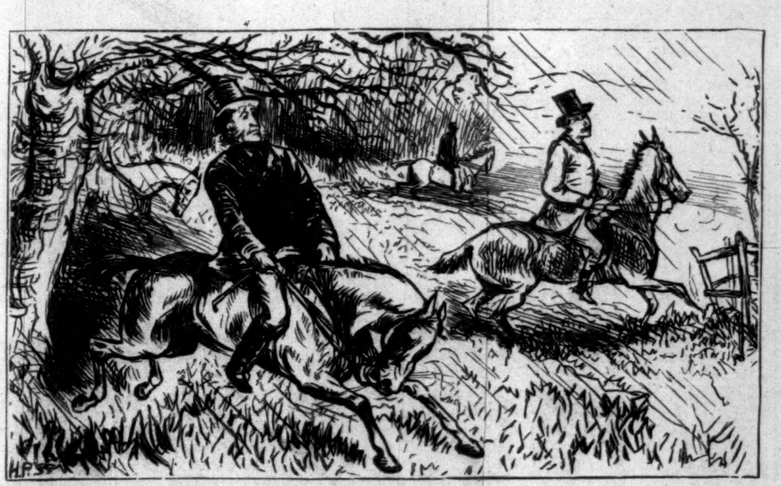
RHEUMATIC MAN'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY.



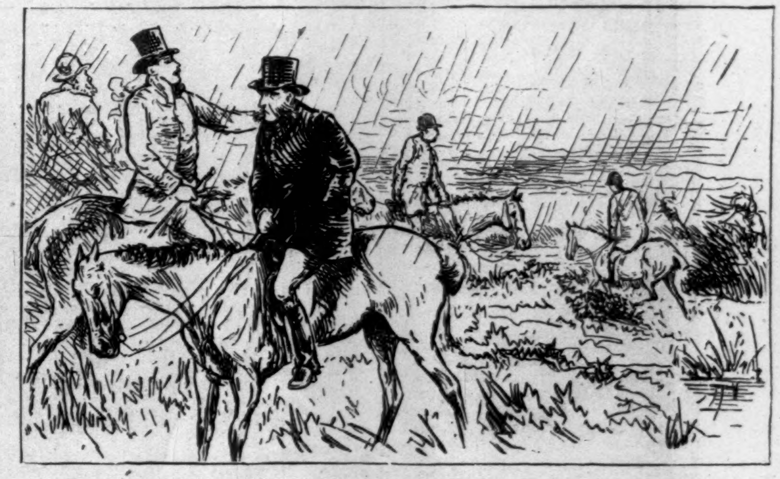
1. MY FRIEND DRIVES ME TEN MILES TO COVERT IN DRIZZLING RAIN AND EAST WIND.



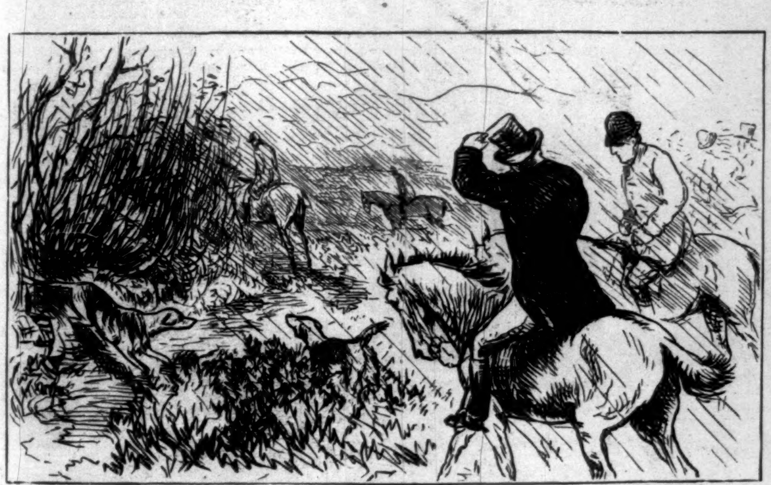
2. MY MOUNT—A LITTLE FIDGETY AT FIRST, BUT SAID TO BE A BRILLIANT FENCER.



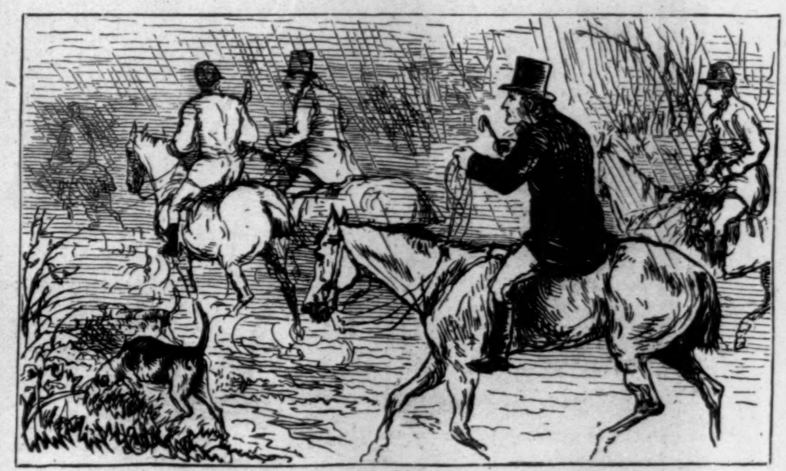
3. THE BRILLIANT FENCER TURNS OUT TO BE A DETERMINED PULLER.



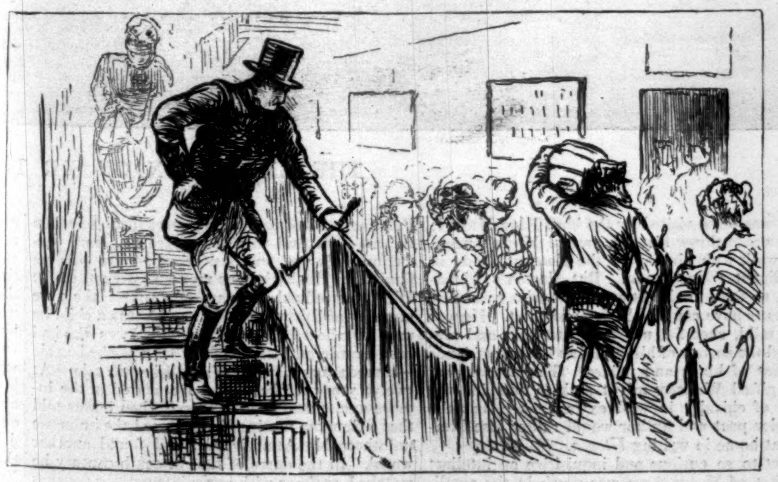
4. THERE ARE NO FENCES AND NO FOXES, BUT CEASELESS RAIN AND HOPELESS LACK OF SCENT.



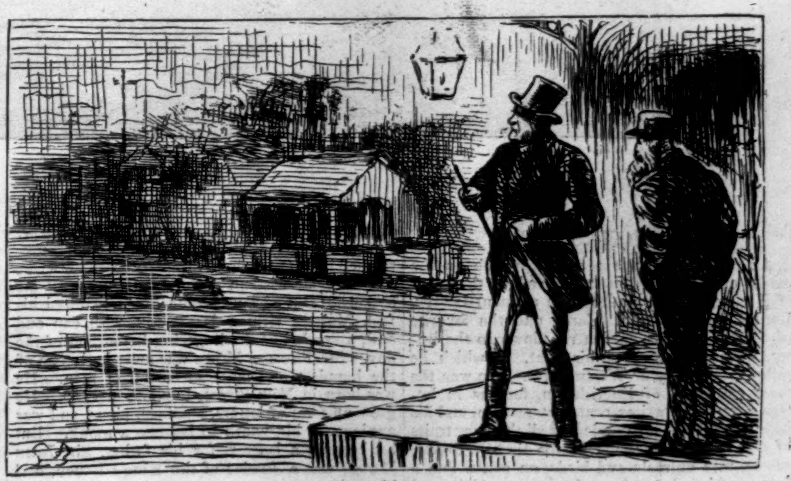
5. A FORLORN HOPE—"PERHAPS THERE'S A FOX IN THE OSIER BEDS."



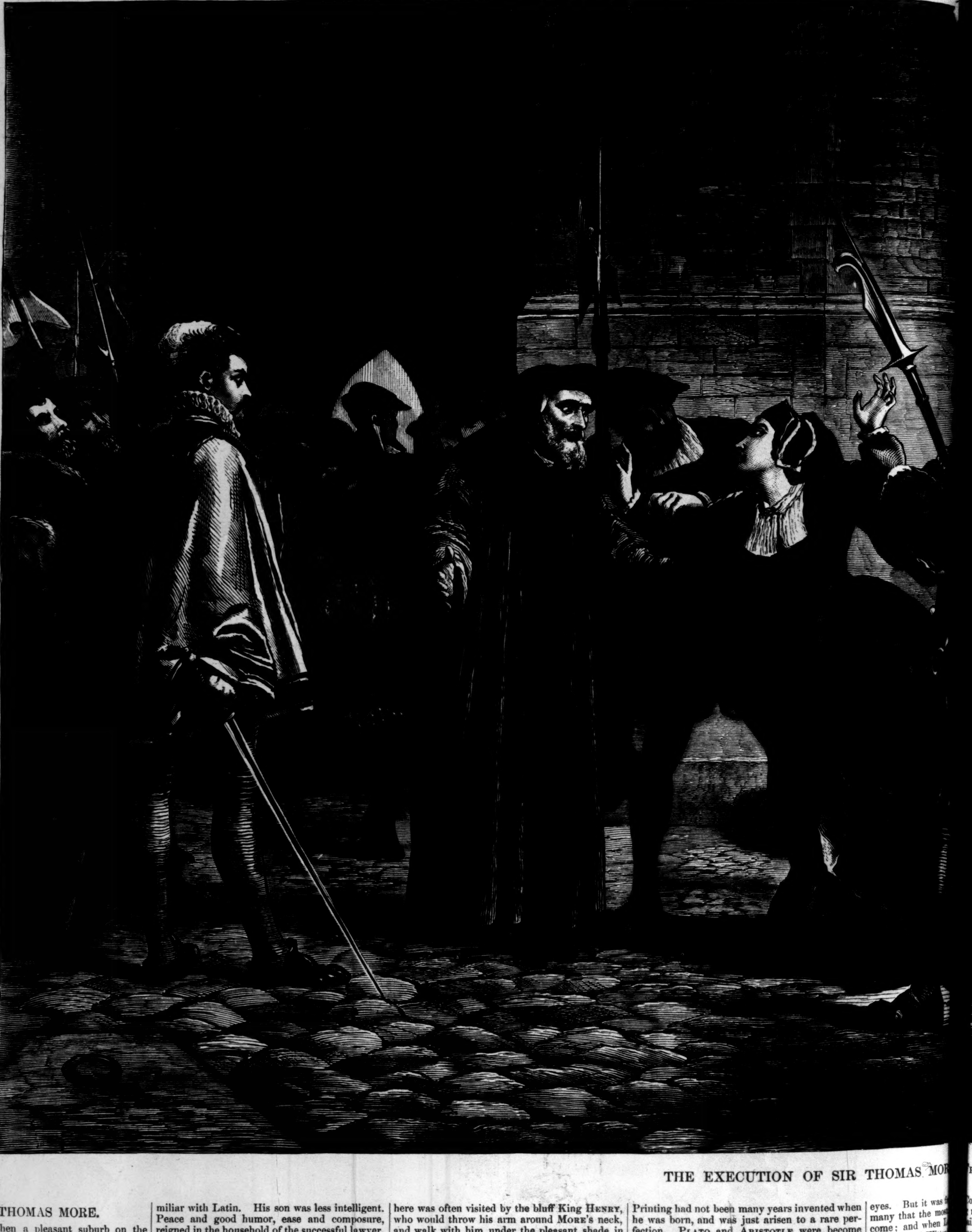
6. JOG TROT HOME WITH THE HOUNDS—A MOST PAINFUL PERFORMANCE.



7. STIFF AND WET AND COLD, I HAVE SUCH DIFFICULTY IN DESCENDING THE STEPS AT THE RAILWAY STATION,



8. THAT I ARRIVE ON THE PLATFORM JUST IN TIME TO MISS MY TRAIN TO TOWN.



THE EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MOR

SIR THOMAS MORE.

At Chelsea, then a pleasant suburb on the banks of the silver Thames, lived in the reign of HENRY VIII. a wealthy and eminent lawyer, Lord Chancellor of England, and the favorite of the king. His garden ran down to the water, where was moored his boat, in which he sailed to the City or Westminster. He was the most cultivated of Englishmen, famous in letters, poet, prose writer, orator, statesman, and his happy home was surrounded by all the finer traits of the rising civilization of the time. Books, music, rare animals and birds, an organ and a lute, cushioned couches, pictures, a clock, and perhaps even carpets and luxurious chairs, are seen in the paintings of the interior of his house. His three daughters read Plato, and were familiar with Latin. His son was less intelligent. Peace and good humor, ease and composure, reigned in the household of the successful lawyer, and singular wisdom seemed to control all his actions. But always beside him is painted his fool, Maister HENRY PATENSON, with cap and seal, a symbol of the lingering barbarism of the day. Sir THOMAS MORE was apparently one of the happiest and most successful of men. He was born in Milk Street, London, in 1480. He grew up fond of letters, studious, pious, and was anxious in his youth to become a monk. But he became a lawyer, for his father, Sir JOHN MORE, was a Justice of the King's Bench, and his son soon rose to great practice. His income was thirty thousand dollars a year. He married an amiable woman, built his villa at Chelsea, surrounded with gardens, fruits, and flowers, and here was often visited by the bluff King HENRY, who would throw his arm around MORE's neck, and walk with him under the pleasant shade in intelligent conversation. But HENRY's friendship, so fatal to almost every one who gained it, seems to have come to MORE unsought. He was of a mild, cheerful, unaspiring temper, and preferred the society of his family and literary friends to that of kings and nobles. The magnificent and gifted WOLSEY might seek to outshine the men of chivalry in wild extravagance, but the simpler poet and author would rather lose himself at home in writing *Utopia*.

Yet to so curious and inquisitive an intellect as that of MORE there was much in the condition of his period to excite it to intense activity. His life embraced a series of startling events, to which later centuries can afford no parallel. Printing had not been many years invented when he was born, and was just arisen to a rare perfection. PLATO and ARISTOTLE were become familiar to the barbarous men and women of the West, the refined manners of CICERO, the pure morality of PLUTARCH. When he was a child he may have heard of the two young princes who had been murdered in the Tower by a wicked uncle —a modern realization of a well-known tale. At twelve years old he must have shared in the intense excitement of all Europe, when it was told that a Genoese mariner had crossed the immense unfathomable Atlantic, and had found another world. In the dawn of the sixteenth century he watched, perhaps with eager interest, the voyages of the Europeans to the West or the East, and the gradual unfolding of new regions on the globe, and lands never yet beheld by European

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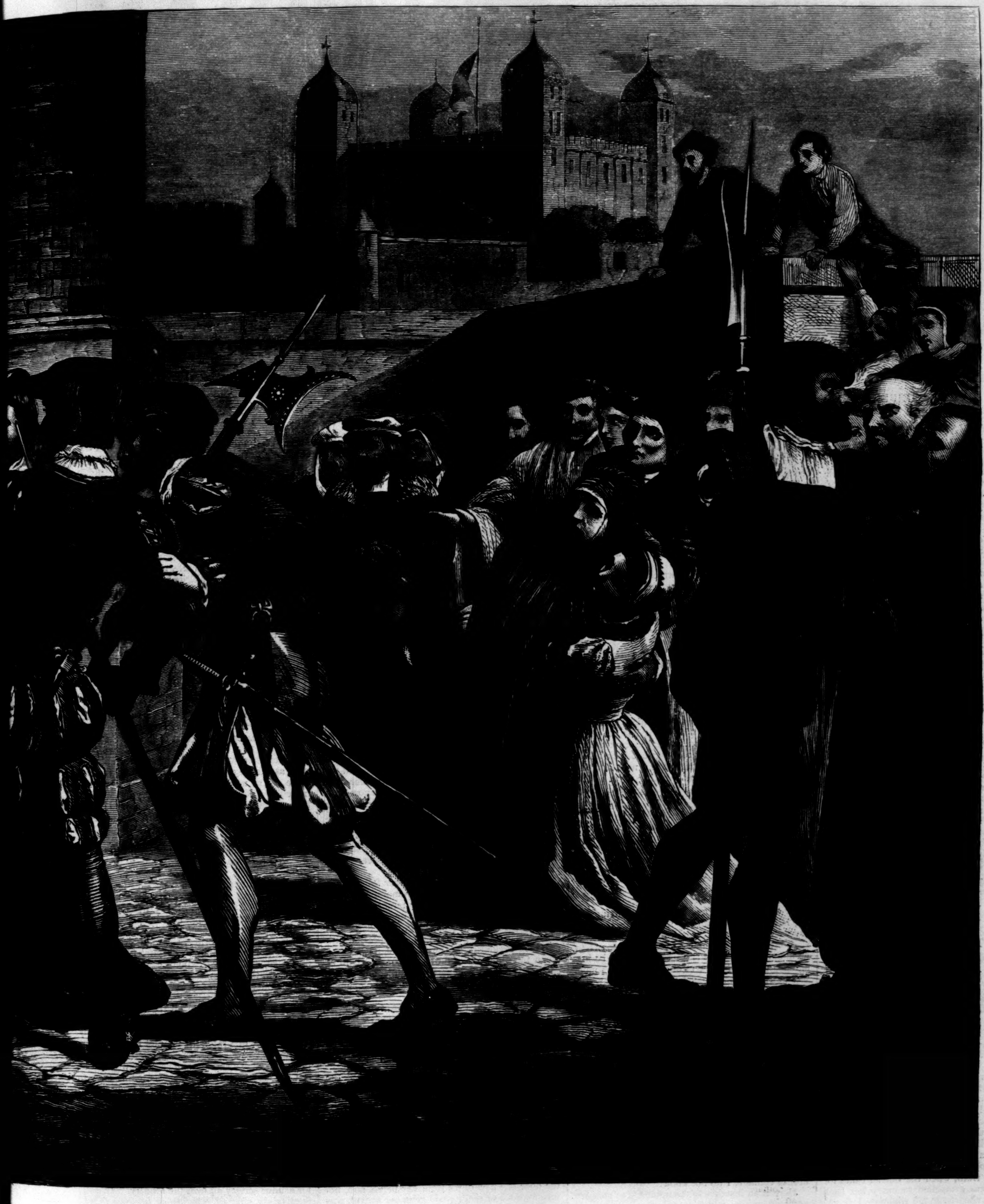

ROM THE PICTURE BY W. F. YEAMES, A. R. A.]

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heretics with ribald violence. To him they were "beastly," "brutal," deserving only to be swept from the earth; the moderation of *Utopia* seemed lost in his controversial writings, and one is amazed at the rancor his gentle nature could assume. He seems to have approved and joined in the severest punishments awarded to the heretics, and whipped with his own hands, in his Chelsea gardens, persons suspected of holding the new opinions. There was a hysterical woman at that time, called the Nun of Kent, who saw visions, and foretold the punishment or death of HENRY VIII. when he married ANNE BOLEYN: MORE was led away by her pretended sanctity and spiritual gifts; but when she was condemned and executed he denied that he had any faith in her miracles. She told him that Satan flew round her chamber in the shape of a bird. MORE wrote to her as his "right dearly beloved sister," and was afterward eager to assert that she was a "false, deceiving hypocrite."

Yet he never lost his horror of Lutheranism, and when HENRY divorced KATHARINE to marry ANNE, and declared himself the supreme head of the Church, MORE clung to his faith or his superstition, resigned his offices, welcomed poverty with a jest, and for the last time took boat for Chelsea. His wife, of his second marriage, and his daughters pointed to its fair gardens and pleasant lawns, and sought to lead him to submission to the king; but upon the gentle ANNE BOLEYN he could never look with patience, and his whole heart was with the Papal Church. At an earlier period he had jested with ERASMUS at the vices of the monks, and treated the begging friars with no more charity. But he had no sympathy for that great party among the English people which, since the days of WYCLIFFE, had been anxious to throw off all dependence upon Rome and create a national and Christian Church. Of this party HENRY VIII., guided both by passion and conviction—for no one of his age had more native acuteness than the brutal king—took the leadership, roused all England against foreign interference, despoiled the Roman Church of its enormous wealth, and laid the foundations of a new period of progress. It had been the custom of the popes to extort large sums of money from the English for their various necessities. That drain upon the resources of the island was stopped forever, and the swarms of begging friars, monks, and prelates were no longer to prey upon the impoverished people. To this change MORE would have proved a resolute foe, and the rage of the king would be satisfied with nothing but his head. He was sent to the Tower. Here he resisted all the efforts that were made to shake his resolution. He wrote with a coal on scraps of paper several touching yet manly letters to his favorite daughter, MARGARET ROPER. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, July 6, 1535. His execution showed his courage and his unflinching firmness: he jested with his executioner and gave him a piece of gold. His wit, his learning, genius, and rare integrity have led succeeding generations to lament his unmerited fate; yet such is the cruel force of fanaticism that it seems scarcely to be doubted that the author of *Utopia* would have awarded the same doom to the reformers, had he the power, that befell himself.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.